THE LIVING AGE

CONTENTS
for October, 1930

Articles

PATHWAYS TO PROSPERITY
I. THE SLUMP IN WORLD TRADE ..... *Gustav Cassel* 118
II. SOCIALISM OR CAPITALISM ..... *Joseph Stalin* 120
III. HOW TO SOLVE UNEMPLOYMENT ..... *N. M. P. Reilly* 124
WILL AMERICA RECOGNIZE RUSSIA? ..... *Paul Scheffer* 130
HOOVER AND MANILA ..... *A Far-Eastern Editor* 134
DANGER FROM GERMANY ..... *Edmond Vermeil* 137
ENGLISH LIGHTS AND SHADOWS
I. HOME TRUTHS FROM ENGLAND ..... *Harold Nicolson* 144
II. THE LOST GENERATION ..... *Major H. L. Nathan* 146
THREE UNPUBLISHED 'CONVERSATIONS' ..... *Walter Savage Landor* 160
BY SAIL AROUND CAPE HORN ..... *Heinrich Hauser* 169
SPORT FOR SPORT'S SAKE ..... *Edmond Jaloux* 180
FROM SPAIN TO PORTUGAL
I. SPANISH OMELET ..... *Paul Cohen-Portheim* 184
II. UNSPOILED PORTUGAL ..... *Annemarie Jauss* 188
IN PRAISE OF OPIUM ..... *Jean Cocteau* 193

Departments

THE WORLD OVER 111
PERSONS AND PERSONAGES
LUNCHEON WITH SHAW ..... *Georg Popoff* 149
A GERMAN VISITS HENRY FORD ..... *Dr. Ernst Feder* 156
BOOKS ABROAD 198
LETTERS AND THE ARTS 206
AS OTHERS SEE US 210
COMING EVENTS 215
CORRESPONDENCE 217
WAR AND PEACE 220

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THE LIVING AGE was established by E. Littell, in Boston, Massachusetts, May, 1844. It was first known as LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, succeeding *Littell's Museum of Foreign Literature*, which had been previously published in Philadelphia for more than twenty years. In a prepublication announcement of LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, in 1844, Mr. Littell said: 'The steamship has brought Europe, Asia, and Africa into our neighborhood; and will greatly multiply our connections as Merchants, Travelers, and Politicians, with all parts of the world: *so that much more than ever, it now becomes every intelligent American to be informed of the condition and changes of foreign countries.*'

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THE GUIDE POST

'I AM MUCH STRUCK by your magazine. It is beautifully presented, very attractive in form, and of exceptional interest. I think this marks a very great advance.' These words of approval from one of the leading editors of the country whose name is withheld for the moment were among the most welcome of all the evidences of approval that greeted our first monthly issue in our present format. Even the mere subscriber joined the chorus and one of our New York readers whose name must also be shrouded in secrecy has written us as follows: 'I heartily welcome THE LIVING AGE as a monthly, and welcome too, most cordially, the addition as a regular feature of purely literary articles. These were really needed to round out a periodical unique of its kind.' He also urges 'the reintroduction of another sorely missed feature—"Metropolitana."' So long as suggestions of this kind are accompanied by a word of discriminating praise they cannot fail to receive our most sympathetic attention.

SOME readjustment is certainly needed in a world that produces more than it can consume yet contains some ten million idle families who lack the first necessities of life. We present in this issue three tentative remedies for our present ills. Gustav Cassel, the great Swedish expert on international currency problems, leads off with the orthodox economist's point of view. He is followed by Joseph Stalin, who urges Communism as the only alternative to the capitalist system. On the basis of several unwarranted assumptions, he makes out a sensational case for the Soviet way of doing things and attacks in particular our inadequate distribution of wealth. The third article, by N. M. P. Reilly, is perhaps the most suggestive of the lot. The efforts of England toward economic recovery have led him to formulate a realistic plan for increasing his country's power of consumption. The fact that many of his ideas could be applied in the United States goes to show, among other things, how similar are the problems of all the great countries in the world.

NOR is Mr. Reilly's article the only item in this issue of specifically American interest, for Paul Scheffer discusses Russian-American relations with unique authority. He is now Washington correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, having previously represented the same paper in the Soviet capital. Walter Duranty, head of the Moscow office of the *New York Times*, once described Herr Scheffer as the best informed newspaper man in Russia. It looks as if the Bolsheviks agreed with this verdict, for they have refused to allow him to return to their happy land.

THE American public is scarcely aware that President Hoover's appointment of Nicholas Roosevelt as Vice Governor of the Philippines is being interpreted throughout the Far East as a sure indication that the United States will never permit Philippine independence. We present a leading editorial on the subject from the *Japan Advertiser*, which is far and away the most influential foreign journal in the Orient. By placing in Manila a Democrat who opposes independence, Mr. Hoover perhaps hopes to take the whole issue out of politics.

AS A professor in Strassburg, Edmond Vermeil has had an opportunity to study Germany at close range and his disturbing account of the numerous political parties throws light on the recent elections. The main line of cleavage seems to be between

(*Continued on page 219*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell

In 1844

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The World Over

THE COMING AUTUMN promises to be an uncommonly fateful period. M. Briand has already reminded the League of Nations and the world at large of the real dangers of war. The British Empire is engaged in two crucial conferences, one with its Dominions, the other with a handful of Indian leaders. Germany has gone to the polls and South America has resorted to more direct methods of showing its dissatisfaction with present conditions. In Canada a Liberal government has given way to a Conservative one; in the United States the swing seems to be in the opposite direction. Six years ago when Herriot was governing France and MacDonald first came into power in England, a definite swing to liberalism could be detected in most of the major European countries. Now, however, any changes that occur can be definitely traced to economic hardships which have convinced a majority of voters that their present lords and masters should be thrown out of office.

Two problems, however, abide—unemployment and world peace. France has solved unemployment—temporarily at least—but only by maintaining a system of alliances and treaties that is impelling half of Europe toward bloodshed. This condition goes far toward explaining why M. Briand has taken the lead in putting forward the idea of a European federation organized on the present basis of frontiers and it also accounts for the fact that Mr. Henderson, the British foreign minis-

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ter, automatically found himself the chief antagonist of the French system. England's most pressing cares lie either at home or overseas and she is not vitally interested in helping the French maintain their present position on the Continent through all eternity. Germany, divided between domestic and foreign worries, blames her present depression on her unsatisfactory frontiers. She alone of the major powers feels an equal interest in preserving the peace of the world and eliminating unemployment. Her attitude is therefore of surpassing importance.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP, one of the British collaborators on the Young and Dawes Plans, contributes an article to the *Nation and Athenæum* in which he asserts that the gold standard has contributed more than any other single factor to the present world-wide depression. He takes as his text the following statement made by Sir Henry Strakosch in the course of a lengthy memorandum prepared for the London *Economist:*—

> It is rather extraordinary how widely spread the belief still is that the gold standard leaves the country adopting it in a position of independence, and that the benefits it confers can be had without any responsibilities. The truth that the gold standard has bound together the civilized world for good or evil in the greatest international partnership ever known in history, that this partnership, while conferring benefits on the partners, also imposes upon them stern duties, and that transgressions by any one partner inflict hardships on the rest is hardly realized.

Sir Josiah then goes on to point out that the protagonists of free trade, rationalization, and Socialism have all said their say and that each has something to offer, but that the trouble is that our medium of exchange has broken down. The Strakosch memorandum shows that from December 1925 to May 1930 the value of gold appreciated 32.1 per cent, and that 9.6 per cent of this increase occurred during the first five months of 1930. It also shows that production has increased faster than population and that prices as a whole have been dropping, causing a drastic redistribution of wealth and a consequent retardation of the process of exchange:—

> We are, in these circumstances, entitled to conclude that these exchanges failed to be made, not because goods generally were in excessive supply, but because the process of exchange was in some way impeded. And if, as is the case, there are no observable impediments of a physical or moral character, the theory of 'overproduction' fails and we are driven for an adequate explanation to the only remaining factor affecting the process of exchange, namely, the adequacy of the amount of money that is available to effect these exchanges.

One novel feature in the memorandum is a table showing the uneven distribution of gold reserves. Great Britain has £3 3*s.* per head of the

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population, the United States has the equivalent of £6 7*s*., France £8, and the Argentine £9 4*s*. Sir Josiah then asserts that 'there is no such difference in the efficiency of the credit systems of these countries to require a difference of 100 per cent in the United States and 140 per cent in France in the reserves.' His final conclusions are summed up in this paragraph:—

> It is well that every aspect of the world's inability to control its industrial progress on scientific lines—and particularly every aspect of the British failure to do so—should be fully explored, and every local and temporary expedient or palliative or correction applied. But it is vital to realize that without control of the fundamental factor in operation no rationalization of technique, no freedom from restraints and burdens, no initiative in the human element, no control of public expenditure can avail to keep a complicated civilization from drifting into peril and even disintegration.

WITH ONE PERSON in twenty-two looking vainly for work, England has a larger proportion of its population unemployed than any other country—with, of course, the very probable exception of the United States, where no accurate figures are available. Even in Germany the proportion is one in thirty-four, whereas in France it is one in 40,000. Yet in spite of these conditions, the British Electrical and Allied Manufacturers' Association states that conditions in England are less serious than in Germany and the United States, but that 'some form of control is necessary either through fiscal policy or through imperial rationalization.' In an international survey issued by the statistical and economic department of this association it is also asserted that recovery in the United States will be slower than it was in 1921 and that Germany's position is even more critical. It is prophesied that the present world depression will almost certainly continue through 1931 and that 1932 can hardly witness anything more than a slight improvement. England is therefore urged to take advantage of the greater distress of her chief competitors by developing her industrial machinery and working more closely with her Dominions.

CONSERVATIVE British opinion has officially indorsed the presidential speech delivered by Mr. John Beard before the annual conference of all the trade-union leaders in the country. Mr. Beard not only broke with tradition by ridiculing instead of praising 'Socialism in our time'; he also approved specifically of Empire free trade and higher tariffs. He called Mr. Snowden and his anti-protectionist followers 'bad economists and bad Socialists.' He urged joint conferences between leading employers and leading trade-unionists. He caused the staid *Daily Tele-*

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graph to describe his 'whole address' as 'an encouragement to the belief that organized labor is to-day facing fairly and without prejudice the facts and needs of the gravest economic situation of modern times.'

Mr. Beard's speech is the first thorough articulation of the new stand that the British Labor Party has taken as a result of its first full year in office. The bitterness of the general strike of 1926 seems to have definitely subsided. Last spring, for instance, a commercial London publishing house bought a substantial interest in the *Daily Herald* and transformed it from an uncompromising supporter of working-class interests into another popular newspaper. When the Duchess of York's second daughter was born, the *Herald* did not take up the cry of certain left-wing Laborites who compared the luxurious surroundings of a princess of the blood with the destitution in which many English babies have to live. Indeed, it went so far out of its way to glorify the occasion that the editor of the Conservative *Saturday Review* commented as follows:—

> The *Daily Herald* is obviously warming to its work as a capitalist organ, and no paper of the right was louder in its professions of loyalty to the throne. What value the organ is now to the Labor Party I cannot conceive, and it is certainly neither as good as *Vorwärts* nor as outspoken as *Humanité*. It will be both interesting and instructive to see the effect of its new attitude upon its circulation in a year or two's time.

Already, in the space of six months, the circulation of the *Herald* has climbed from some 300,000 to well over a million.

NOTHING WRITTEN at this time can throw much more light on the German elections than is already provided in this issue by M. Edmond Vermeil's analysis of the various competing parties. We shall therefore confine ourselves here to quoting two authoritative sources, the *Manchester Guardian* and *Le Temps*, which bring up several other points of interest. The *Manchester Guardian* welcomes the movement that has been started to eliminate the excessive number of political bodies that have so confused the average German voter as to make him lose all interest in affairs of state. The *Guardian* points out that the present coalition system of government has had the advantage of maintaining the same individuals in power but now that the nation has learned the technique of parliamentary procedure it is time for a realignment that will permit the voters to choose between two experienced groups. Such a change, however, cannot occur at once and *Le Temps* expresses more concern over the recent campaigning excitement:—

> Look where they have got to on the other side of the Rhine. A responsible minister of the Reich [Treviranus] advocates, with the silent complicity of the Chancellor, a policy of treaty revision. The Communists, who hope to split the

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Socialist bloc, give themselves over to the wildest outbursts of nationalism; and Hugenberg's party, which defines itself as conservative, applauds this Bolshevist manœuvre in which it pretends to detect an awakening of a patriotic conscience among the most extreme elements in the working class. This parallel manœuvre of the extreme left and the extreme right is not new in Germany. For a long time now the German reactionaries have been casting their eyes at Moscow and the Bolshevists believe that the exasperated nationalism of Berlin may become a precious aid in the universal revolution.

BONDS BETWEEN Poland and Esthonia, the smallest of the little Baltic republics, have been strengthened by the visit that the Polish President paid to Revel six weeks ago. Brought together by the common danger of Russia, the two countries are both eager to draw the other nations of Eastern Europe into some kind of agreement. But the prospects of success are not considerable. Finland has stood aloof from Poland because she knows that Sweden is always ready to help her repulse any Russian attack whereas an alliance with Poland would attract the hostility of Russia, Germany, and Lithuania. The present aim of Polish diplomacy would seem to be to work into the good graces of Finland via Esthonia, since Esthonia's two chief cities, Revel and Narwa, dominate strategically Finland's southern coast. Esthonia also enjoys cordial relations with Latvia and Lithuania and would be the first of these three countries to invite a Russian attack. Poland must therefore convince the other Baltic states that the danger of a Russian invasion of Esthonia outweighs all other objections that might be raised against a Baltic federation.

THROUGH A SYSTEM which, according to *Le Temps*, 'is as ingenious as it is unscrupulous' Soviet Russia has started a process of double dumping, simultaneously unloading propaganda and surplus goods on capitalist countries. The process began in 1924, when Italy recognized the Soviet Government and the two nations began trading together. Since that time castor oil has made Italy safe for Fascism but it has not succeeded in maintaining a favorable trade balance. Indeed, Italy is the one country where the Russians have made no attempt to spread Communism: they have been only too glad to console themselves by selling to Italy nearly ten times as much as they bought from her. Although in 1929 Russian purchases of Italian goods more than doubled, the Italians have now concluded a more satisfactory arrangement, according to which Russian sales and purchases must advance together at a fixed ratio. The Fascist Government has also guaranteed to assist in granting long-term credits to Russia, receiving as security Russian

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coal and petroleum. *Le Temps* doubts whether the new basis of exchange will prove any more satisfactory than the old one, but it congratulates the Italians on having eliminated the propaganda. Coming as it does from the organ of the French Foreign Office, this comment indicates that official France nourishes healthy fears of the spread of Bolshevism.

AUSTRALIA and South Africa have been proving themselves the most rambunctious members of the British Commonwealth of Nations. General Hertzog, the South African Premier, came to the Imperial Conference insisting that it should recognize the 'right' of any Dominion to secede. The Australians, however, touched an even tenderer spot when some of their left-wing leaders suggested repudiating the country's war debts. James H. Scullin, the Labor Prime Minister for Australia, and Mr. Fenton, who is filling his place during the Imperial Conference, both issued strong statements that they would never tolerate such action. These assurances no doubt had much to do with the successful launching of a $25,000,000 Australian loan on the London market and at the same time gave fresh courage to Sir Otto Niemeyer, the British financial expert who has drawn up a plan for financial economies to save Australia from impending bankruptcy. His proposed reforms, which give the bureaucrats short shrift, have led Western Australia to clamor for secession from the rest of the commonwealth. As the *Week-end Review* points out, if South Africa is to be allowed the theoretic right to withdraw from the British Commonwealth of Nations, it would only be logical to allow Western Australia to secede from the smaller commonwealth to which she belongs.

MANY NEWSPAPERS in England and the United States have jumped at the conclusion that the Argentine revolt represents a British defeat and an American triumph. The Irigoyen Government did, of course, pointedly refrain from sending any ambassador to Washington for the space of two years, during which time it put through an important trade agreement with Lord D'Abernon and arranged for the Prince of Wales to visit Buenos Aires next spring in his aristocratic rôle of traveling salesman. But it was Irigoyen's incompetence rather than his anti-Americanism that brought the government down. Had the fallen president taken the advice of the American ambassador and submitted a formal protest against the Hawley-Smoot tariff, some of its more objectionable features might have been softened. Now, however, the damage is past repair and Irigoyen's successor will have no choice but to keep on cultivating British rather than American good will. In short, the

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universal chorus of despair that went up from the London press when an intolerable dictatorship was heaved overboard merely offers another example of the tried and true British policy of self-depreciation.

Turning from the Anglo-American aspect of the Argentine revolt to its domestic side, we cannot do better than quote a paragraph or two from *La Prensa*, an independent daily paper of outstanding influence. The passage appeared after the Argentine Congress had been in session for three months without even starting its legislative business:—

> What has happened to the Chamber of Deputies? The same thing that has occurred in all branches of the nation's government and in most of the provinces, to wit, that the men in power have placed purely partisan interests above federal and local institutions and comply with the forms, and merely with the forms, of government, as long as these forms allow them comfortably to develop their personal system. When, however, the principles of republican government conflict with their purposes, then they do not even observe the forms. The *personalismo* desires to create a political situation in which the acts of the chief executive will not be discussed by Congress. Even the simplest requests for information have been ignored, as if the country owed homage to some person or ruler. As this party has an oppressive majority in the Chamber of Deputies, but not in the Senate, it cherishes the hope of some day gaining control of both, and meanwhile it does not care whether Congress functions, or whether the nation remains without laws, or whether its institutions are in a lamentable condition, or whether the country gives the impression of having rudimentary political culture.
>
> The aim of political parties is not to get and then keep control of the government. The government is merely a means of realizing party programmes, which cannot decently be the mere enjoyment of office and of personal success. No party can be superior to the institutions which the country has given itself, nor superior to the country, and he who insists in placing himself above the Constitution and the nation will fall through the inevitable force of his own unpopularity and under the insupportable weight of his own misdeeds.

In other words, Irigoyen's presumptuous treatment of his own countrymen had a good deal more to do with his overthrow than his hostility toward the United States.

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Sweden's great economist, Russia's omnipotent master, and an ingenious Englishman step forward with different versions of the world depression and offer us different cures for all our ills.

Pathways *to* Prosperity

By Three Experts on the Subject

I. The Slump in World Trade

By Gustav Cassel

From the *Manchester Guardian*, Liberal Daily

IT IS REMARKABLE to observe how difficult it is for people to form a comprehensive view of what is happening at the present time and how they fail to understand correctly the fundamental connections between the economic events of their own period, even when these events can be clearly compared with those of past periods. The strong and general fall in prices of goods which has been causing uneasiness during the last twelve months is, in fact, a phenomenon which is by no means without precedent.

For the last ten years experts have issued warnings of the danger of too greatly restricting the gold supply of the world, and have pointed out the necessity of meeting this danger by a systematic policy of saving the gold reserves and of making the supplies of means for payments, as it were, independent of gold supplies. It has been stated in the most unequivocal terms that any deviation from such a programme would expose the world economy to a strong decline in prices and a corresponding general depression.

Now we have reached this point. Recent times have been characterized rather by a relentless struggle for gold than by a conscious collaboration aiming at that limitation of the demands which would have been necessary in order to stabilize the purchasing power of gold. The result has been a fall in prices, the extent of which is unique, if we except the deflation of the post-war period. This collapse of prices resulted in a general depression which found its

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expression not only in heavy losses on the stock exchanges and in economic difficulties for industrial, commercial, and transport undertakings but also in an industrial unemployment which has assumed disquieting proportions in almost every country. To this was added a very serious agricultural crisis which spread over virtually the whole world.

And yet people fail to see, or do not want to see, the connection. The business world follows its usual tendency to ascribe any and every decline in prices to unfavorable market conditions within a given branch of business, and does not consider the higher point of view which demands that the fall in prices should be taken as a general fact, the prime reasons for which are to be found in the change of money values. Just in the same way, financiers, when interviewed by the newspapers, talk of the unrest in China and Russia or the short skirts of the women as the probable causes of decrease in demand and the continued decline in prices! Old overproduction theories buried long ago are revived. In the financial press writers who claim to be experts in economics are using comprehensive but ill-digested technical arguments and equally ill-digested statistical material in an attempt to prevent a scientifically correct explanation of the true facts. In the final resort this kind of article-writing aims at proving that there is neither a definite nor a necessary connection between the economic crisis—and, above all, between the level of the prices of goods—and the world's supply of means of payment, and that therefore we cannot speak of a responsibility of the central banks for the general collapse of prices.

The central banks have in fact always shown a tendency to decline any responsibility for whatever happens to the purchasing power of money. They and their comrades at arms even go so far as to deny that the central banks have any influence whatsoever on the fixation of prices. On the other hand, there are still some people who have not forgotten to what absurdities this method led during the inflation of the war and post-war periods. Although at that time the impossibility of maintaining such a view became evident to everybody, it is now hoped that the world will obediently return to the belief in the perfect exemption from responsibility of the central banks for the evolution of the price level and the fate of the world's economy which depends upon it.

The absolute incompetence of those directorates of central banks who object to any scientific analysis was proved conclusively during the post-war period by the actual developments. Nevertheless, certain central banks are again assuming the same attitude. These same authorities stated only a year ago that the central banks were following the development of the gold market with an attention which rendered any interference by economic scientists unnecessary. Today we all know what the expression of this attention has been. It is especially remarkable that the Bank of France has consistently and quite unnecessarily acquired enormous amounts of gold without troubling in the least about the consequences which such a procedure was bound to have on the gold supply of the rest of the world, and therefore on the world's economic position. As late as last winter a prominent so-called economist

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stated that the gold-saving policy was mainly of theoretical interest and could only assume any practical importance in a distant future.

It is indeed uncanny that a question which is of such importance to the economic welfare of the people can be treated in such a way. If only a better understanding of the nature of the problem had been allowed to develop —if the programme of the 1922 Genoa Conference, embodying a definite collaboration between the central banks for the limitation of the gold demands, had been really carried through; if the other central banks had acted in the spirit of the Bank of England, especially in regard to the liberation of money supplies from too great dependence on the gold supply—then indeed the world's economic position would to-day be very different. This, of course, does not mean that all our present difficulties are due to the gold policy, which has unnecessarily driven up the value of gold. Unfortunately, we have to reckon with other harmful tendencies, like the protectionist cutting up of the world market, monopolies in several other forms, and impediments in the international movement of capital. The change in the value of money is nevertheless a factor of prime importance, and, moreover, a factor which could have been the easiest of all to control.

Now the whole world is waiting for an improvement of the economic situation, while it is being argued that prices have fallen to such an extent that they are bound to have reached their lowest level. This is indeed a somewhat simple argument. If grave mistakes have been made in the management of money matters, then the results must not be assumed to be the outcome of a predetermined cycle of events, and no improvement can be expected before the mistakes have been realized and put right again. If, for instance, the American Federal Reserve Board should repeat the fateful mistake committed a year ago, when in order to counteract share speculation the supply of money was reduced and thereby the general price level was forced down, then the world may expect a still further fall in prices of goods and a further increase of the economic depression.

A real and reliable change for the better can only be expected after we have realized the fundamental evils of our present economic position, and are again in a position to give a more or less satisfactory stability to the unit in which we calculate the price of our goods.

II. Socialism or Capitalism

By Joseph Stalin

Translated from the *Rote Fahne*, Berlin Communist Daily

WE HAVE A PICTURE of the domestic situation of the Soviet Union. We also have a picture of the domestic situation of the great capitalist countries. Inevitably, this question arises: what conclusions can we draw if we compare the two pictures? Let us enumerate the most important facts.

With them, the capitalists, economic crises and declining production

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are the order of the day, both in industry and in agriculture. With us, in the Soviet Union, there is economic growth and increased production in all branches of industry and agriculture. With them, the capitalists, the material condition of the working class declines. Wages drop and unemployment increases. With us, in the Soviet Union, the material condition of the working class improves. Wages rise and unemployment diminishes. With them, the capitalists, strikes and demonstrations increase and millions of working days are lost. With us, in the Soviet Union, the lack of strikes and the increased labor of workers and peasants build up our economic system with millions of working days.

With them, the capitalists, national questions intensify. National independence movements grow stronger in India, Indo-China, and the Philippines. National wars begin to threaten. With us, in the Soviet Union, the fundamentals of national brotherhood grow firmer. National peace becomes more certain and the popular masses, millions strong, work together to consolidate the power of the Soviet. With them, the capitalists, confusion reigns and the present situation seems likely to grow even worse. With us, in the Soviet Union, we have faith in our own strength and in the prospect of continual improvement.

People prattle about the decline of the Union, about the prosperity of the capitalist countries, and so forth, but would it not be more just to speak of the inevitable decline that has set in among those nations that find themselves so 'unexpectedly' in the whirlpool of business depression and who do not know how to extricate themselves from the quicksands of disaster?

What are the causes of such a failure on the part of the capitalists and such a great success in the Soviet Union? It is said that the economic condition of a country is largely determined by its surplus or lack of capital. That sounds well enough, but are the crises in the capitalist countries and the growth of the Soviet Union due to our surplus capital and to their lack of capital? Certainly not. Everyone must know that the Soviet Union has much less capital than the capitalist countries. If the present situation were being determined by an increased accumulation of wealth we should be undergoing a crisis and the capitalist countries would be prospering.

Others say that the economic condition of a country largely depends upon training in technique and organization. That sounds correct, too, but is the crisis in capitalist countries and the improvement in the Soviet Union due to their lack of technical skill and to our surplus skill? Not at all. Everyone must know that the capitalist countries have more skillful technicians than we do in the Soviet Union. We have never concealed this fact and have no intention of concealing that in technical matters we must learn from the Germans, English, French, Italians, and, above all others, from the Americans. The surplus or lack of technical skill is, therefore, not a decisive factor, although a skilled personnel is of great importance in the development of national economy.

Perhaps then, the answer is that our cultural level is higher than the cultural level of capitalist countries. But everyone must know that the cultural level of the masses in our country is much lower than it is in

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the United States, England, Germany, and other nations. No, the cultural level of the masses is not decisive, although it is of great significance in the development of national economy.

Perhaps the personal quality of the leading men in the capitalist countries is the reason, but again the answer is no. These crises arise as the domination of capitalism develops. For more than a hundred years capitalism has undergone periodic economic crises that occur every twelve, ten, eight, or even fewer years. All capitalist parties, all the more or less leading representatives of capitalism, from its geniuses down to its average men, have tried their skill in attempting to eliminate or prevent these crises. But all attempts have failed. Why, therefore, should we be astonished if even Hoover and his supporters find themselves defeated? No, the capitalist leaders and parties are not the determining factors, although these leaders and parties are not without significance.

What, then, is the explanation? Why does the Soviet Union, in spite of its lack of capital, in spite of its backward culture and its lack of technical experts, enjoy economic improvement? Why is it winning decisive battles on the economic front while the capitalist countries, in spite of their surplus capital, their technical strength, and their higher cultural level, are suffering from a growing economic crisis and keep meeting with defeats in their attempts at economic improvement?

THE cause of this condition lies in the difference between our economic system and the capitalist economic system. The cause is to be found in the bankruptcy of the capitalist economic system. The cause is to be found in the superiority of the Soviet economic system to the capitalist system.

Where does the Soviet system of economy stand? What does it mean?

1. The Soviet system means that the power of the capitalist class has been overthrown and replaced by the power of the working class.

2. The instruments of production, the land, the factories, management, and everything else have been taken away from the capitalists and handed over to the workers and to the laboring masses of peasants.

3. The development of production has not been subordinated to the principle of competition and to capitalistic profit-making. Economic leadership has been systematically brought to bear and the material and cultural level of the working class raised.

4. The national income has not been divided with a view to enriching the exploiting class and their numerous parasites, but with a view to a systematic improvement of the material condition of the workers and peasants and the increase of socialistic production both in the cities and in the country.

5. The systematic improvement of the material condition of the working class and the constant increase of their needs (their buying power) have been made a steadily growing source of increased production, protecting the working class from crises, from overproduction, and from the growth of unemployment.

6. The working class, which is master of the country, does not work for the capitalists but for itself, for its own class.

Where does the capitalist economic system stand? What does it mean?

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1. Power in the country belongs to the capitalists.

2. The instruments of production are concentrated in the hands of exploiters.

3. Production does not operate on the principle of improving the material condition of the productive masses but subordinates this principle to the idea of securing a large capitalist profit.

4. The division of the national income is not undertaken with a view to improving the material condition of the working masses but with a view to assuring the exploiter a maximum profit.

5. Capitalist rationalization and the rapid growth of production, whose purpose is to secure for the capitalists the highest possible profit, mean that the material condition of the masses declines and their needs are reduced to a minimum, all of which inevitably leads to overproduction and increased unemployment.

6. The working class is an exploited class that does not work for itself but for another class, the class of exploiters.

Such are the advantages of the Soviet system as against the capitalist economic system. Here lies the explanation of why the Soviet Union is enjoying an increased economic growth while with them, the capitalists, economic crises become more acute. This explains why with us in the Soviet Union the increased consumption of the masses (the increased buying power) steadily keeps ahead of increased production, pushing production steadily forward, whereas with them, the capitalists, the increased demands of the masses (the increased buying power) cannot keep pace with the growth of production but lags behind and continually condemns production to a series of crises.

This is the reason why with them, the capitalists, it is quite normal at times of crisis to destroy surplus goods and to burn surplus agricultural products in order to keep prices up and to assure good profits, whereas with us, in the Soviet Union, anyone guilty of such a crime would be put in a lunatic asylum. That is why with them, the capitalists, workers strike and demonstrate and organize revolutionary battles against the capitalist class in power, whereas with us, in the Soviet Union, millions of workers and peasants are laboring together and are ready to die for the Soviet Union.

This is the reason for the stability, the secure domestic position of the Soviet Union and the instability, the insecure domestic position of the capitalist world. One is also forced to point out that an economic system that is suffocated by surplus production and is forced to destroy its products, a system where masses of people are out of work and where starvation and poverty hold sway, has passed its own death sentence. Recent years have been a period of practical proof, a period during which two opposed economic systems have been examined, the Soviet and the capitalist system. During this time there has been no lack of prophecies of the decline and fall of the Soviet system. Hymns have been sung to the prosperity of capitalism. But how do things really look? These years have demonstrated once more that the capitalist economic system is bankrupt, that the Soviet system has advantages that no bourgeois state, whether it is democratic or not, can ever dream of attaining.

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III. How to Solve Unemployment

By N. M. P. Reilly

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

WHEN Mr. Winston Churchill, speaking at Oxford on June 19, said: 'The root problem of modern world economics is the strange discordance between consuming and producing power. We are faced with the curse of plenty,' he accurately diagnosed the fundamental cause of world-wide unemployment and depression, but he gave no indication of how this 'curse' could be transmuted to a blessing.

While this fundamental cause of Britain's unemployment is ignored, would-be doctors of the ill accuse high taxation, overpopulation, declining foreign trade, and high—or shall we say not sufficiently low—wages as the germs which are causing the disease. In the complexity of modern civilization the undeniable axiom that industry exists for the sole purpose of producing goods and services to be consumed by the community is apt to be forgotten. Every investment of capital, whether it be devoted to the construction of roads, bridges, factories, or the development of land, is finally intended to further this end. If consumption does not keep pace with production, industry is forced to slow up; in this process workers are discharged and salaries cut; purchasing power being reduced, consumption is still further restricted and so the bad effect is cumulative.

Now the difficulties of to-day are not a matter of production; there is scarcely an industry in the country in which the capacity for production is not well in excess of effective demand and if the whole energy of our would-be doctors of industry, now wasted in chasing will-o'-the-wisps, was concentrated on bridging this difference between producing and consuming power, unemployment would vanish.

This discordance between producing and consuming power is not so strange after all. The War gave enormous impetus to the growth of new factories all over the world; more land has been brought under cultivation in backward countries; new inventions have speeded up production, and rationalization has greatly increased the output per man. The result is raw materials are in abundance; apparently there is too much wheat, too much rubber, too much metal ore, too much coal. Factories are standing idle or working part time. Capital is unused and wasting for want of employment. Over two million British workers are walking the streets unable to put their willing hands to use. Manufactured goods stack the shelves of the warehouses, unable to find a market. Thus, there is a superabundance of every necessity for the production of useful commodities. All this is really to the good; it means that the volume of commodities available for distribution to the community is enormously increased, but the trouble arises from the curious fact that it is so good that we cannot believe it! We are so firmly convinced that poverty and want are indigenous to modern civilization that when we have at last achieved El Dorado we refuse to accept it and choose rather to close our factories alternate weeks

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or shut them down altogether, and to let our arable land tumble down to all but useless pasture. We speak of overproduction, and yet how dare we use that word while there remains a single man, woman, or child who is in want?

How this discordance has arisen is easily explained. Approximately ten per cent of the population of Great Britain are the property owners; they therefore control the distribution of the products of the labor of the other ninety per cent. The share of the propertyless class of the nation is controlled, not by the amount of production available for distribution, but by the law of supply and demand for labor. Since the advent of improved machinery must invariably result in a certain lag in employment, the effectual working of this law in the labor market continually tends to reduce wages to the bare subsistence level and prevents this same law from operating in the distribution of the commodities produced. There is an adequate supply of goods, and at the same time a hungry demand for them among nine-tenths of the population; but by allowing this law full play in the labor market we have prevented its operation in balancing consumption with production, with disastrous consequences. No industry is capable of solving this problem on its own, as the failure of the trade unions to raise real wages by any adequate amount has shown. Its solution is really a world problem.

The net result of this situation is that however great the productive capacity of the nation becomes, nine-tenths of the population derive practically no benefit. The other one-tenth has a limited capacity for consumption; when this is saturated the effective demand for more goods is not there; factories cannot work to capacity, workers are discharged, and widespread unemployment is the result. The usual proposal is that this surplus of production should be sold abroad, and, developing from the dogma that nine-tenths of the population should never receive more of the production of the community than will provide for bare subsistence, has grown up the belief that this surplus *must* be sold abroad, which in return results in the myth that the very life of the country depends on foreign trade!

THE fact, however, must be faced that Britain will never regain her former ascendency in foreign markets for the simple reason that in our eagerness in past years to make profits, instead of to improve the standard of living and well-being of the nation, we have accumulated more capital than was necessary to renew plant in our own factories or to build new ones. Since profits must immediately be spent on new capital enterprise, if they are to bring in dividends, much of this capital has been exported to build factories in foreign countries, which we now find competing against ourselves. Should we attempt by reducing wages still further to engage in cut-throat competition with other foreign countries, they can go as far or further than we can in that direction. Low wages and longer hours of work to a country, as to an individual firm, may afford a temporary advantage in the market, but the competitor will soon reduce wages to the same level. The only lasting result then is that the consuming power of the world is still

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further reduced, and the last state is worse than the first.

But does the very life of the nation depend upon foreign trade?

The value of the total imports into the United Kingdom in 1929 was, in round figures, £1,221,000,000, of which £334,000,000 consisted of articles wholly or mainly manufactured, including £19,000,000 of machinery; £25,000,000 of iron and steel and manufactures thereof; £16,000,000 of woolen yarns and manufactures; £20,000,000 of wearing apparel. Does the very life of the nation depend on the importation of these and many other manufactures in the production of which our own capital and unemployed labor could be utilized?

In agriculture our position is not so helpless as many would have us believe. Even under their present disabilities home farmers supply the country with 57 per cent of its consumption of beef, 51 per cent of its consumption of mutton and lamb, and 21 per cent of its consumption of wheat. Unquestionably by adopting a reasonable agricultural policy farm production could be enormously increased. In 1929 the value of our exports totaled £729,000,000. It is therefore conceivable that were our exports to be reduced by 25 per cent, by making ourselves half the manufactures we usually import, and by a very slight increase in our agricultural production, we should not be one penny the worse off; in fact, some of our vast army of unemployed now supported in unwilling idleness at the expense of the nation would be at work. (Not that this is the true solution of unemployment.)

It is a curious fact that because it is often advantageous to exchange commodities there has grown up the belief that there is a certain virtue in exchange itself. I may grow peas in my garden, exchanging half for my neighbor's potatoes, but I get no advantage from this exchange; I should be wiser to grow half potatoes and half peas and supply my own needs. It is possible that my neighbor may decide he prefers beans, in which case I am left with too many peas and a debt for potatoes! Of course, should he have a greenhouse and grow tomatoes, there is a definite advantage in exchange.

No one will condemn foreign trade or contend that anything but an increase is desirable, but to sacrifice the standard of living and the well-being and physical and mental health of the nation on the altar of foreign trade is disastrous.

What then is to be done with this so-called surplus of production? How is this 'strange discordance between consuming and producing power' to be eliminated? The answer is so obvious that it is curious that it has received so little attention. It is to take the determination of wage rates or purchasing power of nine-tenths of the population out of the law of supply and demand for labor, and allow this law to operate in the larger field of supply and demand for commodities. Wage rates must be fixed, not at the lowest rate at which it is possible to engage labor, but at the highest at which the supply of commodities is equal to the demand. This cannot be accomplished by individual firms or even individual industries; it is really a world problem. Unfortunately the world is not ready to act as a unit and bring this logical solution of the unemployment problem into force, and the question remains: can this coun-

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try, acting independently, solve the problem for itself and so set an example which the rest of the world would be eager enough to follow? Most certainly it can, and if it is to be saved from disaster, it must!

Purchasing power in the form of wages of the nine-tenths or under-consuming portion of the population must be raised until consumption approaches the capacity for production. This will not make the other one-tenth one penny the poorer, nor will it limit the accumulation of savings for the renewal of plant and the erection of new capital equipment. The principles which should guide us in handling this problem and the practical steps to be taken to eliminate unemployment and raise this country to a standard of prosperity which has never previously been known, without dislocating the existing machinery of trade in any way, imply no revolutionary doctrine.

SINCE the cure for industrial stagnation is to raise wages, how can this be done? The industrial doctors will immediately reply that the national income is approximately three thousand eight hundred million pounds sterling, so that, even if the incomes of the wealthy were considerably reduced, the amount available for distribution in extra wages is infinitesimal. But our national income is a gauge not of what we can produce, but of what we *do* produce, and this production is limited by the effective market. Increase the market and the national income will expand with it without in the least affecting the incomes of the wealthy. There are few industries which could not increase their production at least fifty per cent without any difficulty. Thus the national income is at the present time controlled more by our capacity for consumption than production. As any commercial traveler will fervently affirm, what we need is more buyers! A higher and more even distribution of spending power is as essential for the life of industry as for the well-being of the nation as a whole.

The Government could solve the problem of unemployment scientifically and quickly without dislocating the existing machinery of production and exchange, and without affecting foreign trade, by legislation along the following lines:—

1. A Bill should be passed fixing a basic minimum wage rate, the same for both men and women, and applicable to all industries alike. The principle determining the level of this wage should be the economic productive capacity of the country; social consideration of what is a suitable wage should have nothing to do with it.

2. The high wages so instituted would have to be protected by a tariff. The principle determining the tariff rates would be the difference between foreign wages rates and those operating in this country. Tariff rates fixed on this governing principle would have no deleterious effect on exchange and would eliminate the possibility of 'log-rolling.' As other countries, following Britain's example, raised the standard of living to our level, these tariffs would automatically disappear. The revenues derived from tariffs would be used exclusively to subsidize the increased wages of the exporting industries forced to compete directly with foreign low-wage rates, the amount of the subsidy again being

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determined by the difference in the rates of the competitors.

Immediately one hears an outcry, 'But raising wages and instituting a protective tariff will electrocute industry, it will raise prices so that no one will be able to buy, it will destroy our competitive power abroad.'

All these objections are based on a cursory consideration of the factors which determine retail prices. High wages, coupled with a protective tariff because they increase the market, tend to lower costs on two counts. (1) It is much cheaper to work a factory on full load than part time because overhead charges are spread over a greatly increased number of units. (2) The demand for commodities being greatly increased, selling costs are proportionately lowered. (The costs of selling per unit are enormously increased in times of depression. From 1923 to 1929 the proportion of workers in the distributing trades has increased from ten per cent to 13.9 per cent, which, when considered against the continual fall of employment in the productive industries, is most alarming.)

It is generally assumed that the retail price is directly proportionate to the cost of production. Were the market unlimited this would, of course, be true, but as the market for all but the veriest necessities is confined to one-tenth of the population, business has to concentrate on persuading that limited market to buy its particular goods rather than any others; consequently selling has become a more important art than production. In a high percentage of commodities at least half the retail price is made up of selling costs, and of works costs overhead charges may be anything from fifty to five hundred per cent on labor costs.

To examine the effect of increased wages on retail prices—suppose an article the retail price of which is 10*s*. The labor cost is 2*s*. 6*d*., overhead charges at one hundred per cent bring the works cost to 5*s*., cost of travelers and advertising, wholesale and retail discounts amount to one hundred per cent on works cost, bringing the retail price up to 10*s*. Now, suppose wages are doubled. Labor cost per article is then 5*s*., overheads remain the same (actually they would be reduced by increased production), therefore works cost would be 7*s*. 6*d*. As the doubled wages would mean that two articles would be bought where one was bought before, without any extra persuasive effort, the selling cost per article would be halved, hence the final selling price would still be 10*s*. That salesmen's wages might also be increased does not affect the argument, as the extra demand so created would more than neutralize the extra cost.

This argument relies on the increased home market created by high wages being protected for the benefit of the industries paying the high wages. It also relies on internal competition preventing any arbitrary increase in prices tending to debase wages from a real to a money increase. That this assumption is not unduly optimistic is illustrated by the pneumatic tire industry. After the application of safeguarding, imports declined from £2,631,985 in 1927 to £440,304, whereas exports have increased from £2,872,615 in 1927 to £3,521,603 in 1929, and the price of tires has steadily declined, showing the beneficial effect of a large home market.

The above argument must be modi-

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fied for certain industries, such as coal and shipbuilding, where overhead costs are but 15 per cent on labor. But here again the saving in selling costs would be considerable, so that any increase in prices would by no means catch up with the increase in purchasing power. The increased wages in such industries, however, in so far as they were exporting, would be subsidized out of the revenue yielded by the protective tariff.

A TARIFF determined as above indicated should be acceptable to the most ardent free trader; it by no means interferes with exchange, or prevents any competition but that which is unfair. There is no alternative but to reduce our standard of living to the level of our competitors, thus still further increasing the world disparity between consuming and producing power and accentuating business depression. To wait until all countries are ready to force a higher standard of living is needlessly to prolong the impoverishment of our own workers. The fact should never be forgotten that because a large and assured home market reduces both works and selling costs, a protective tariff impels a reduction in the price of home produce, not an increase.

Fixing a definite minimum wage would create a great spur to efficiency. Low wages bolster up inefficiency, and so long as the expedient device of cutting wages in order to gain a temporary advantage over a competitor is permitted, inefficiency and waste are enabled to continue. Competition would now be on a fair basis, and inefficient firms would be forced to improve their methods.

It is essential that the rates for women should be raised to those of men. This will prevent the continual replacement of men in the factories by women, with its disastrous social consequences. On the other hand, women would still find employment in the many trades for which they have a greater aptitude than men.

As to foreign trade, high consumption and a protected market would so encourage production that actually on most manufactured articles where overheads are high the cost per unit would fall and our competitive power abroad would be increased. The United States of America affords a good example of this. With an average wage 75 per cent higher than England her export of manufactures increased from 1921 to 1927 over $380,000,000.

There are many corollaries to the above proposals. For instance, the increase in prosperity would be followed by an increase in the demand for land. By land taxation, or other effective methods, the increased rent should be returned to the community. But the main object of this article is to set those people who are thinking about economic problems (and who can afford to ignore them?) on a path which aims not at temporary relief but at a radical cure.

The problem may be fraught with difficulty, but if the principle of balancing consuming and producing power is correct, the attainment is only a matter of determination and patience. With the recognition that there is enough of the good things of life for all, these difficulties of adjustment could be overcome, and the logical outcome of modern civilization, the elimination of poverty and want, become an established fact among us.

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Fresh from Moscow, where he served for several years as correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Paul Scheffer now represents the same paper in Washington. Few men are better qualified to discuss Russian-American relations.

Will *America* Recognize *Russia?*

By PAUL SCHEFFER

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*
Berlin Liberal Daily

IN THE PAST two years business dealings between Russia and the United States have increased considerably. It is already obvious that Germany will this year no longer do more business than any other country with the Soviet Union. But, whereas Germany always buys more from Russia than it sells there, America's balance of trade with Russia is highly favorable. In other words, what has already been known for a long time is now abundantly clear: to wit, that Germany is paying for a good part of the Soviet purchases from America.

Russia has always bought great quantities of raw materials from the United States, especially cotton, but her purchases of manufactured goods, especially of agricultural machinery, have been increasing rapidly of late. Large quantities of tractors have already been bought and new orders totaling thirteen million dollars have been placed. Soviet industry has established factories for making automobiles, mining machinery, motors, and many other industrial products. More than a thousand engineers have followed to start these factories going, which means that the exports of the Soviet Union will presently increase. Already the Bolsheviks have been selling more and more wood and cellulose abroad. They have also just made a successful attempt to export a very fine grade of coal, to say nothing of the caviare and peasant handiwork they sell abroad.

The most interesting element in Russia's foreign trade is the financial conditions under which this trade is

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carried on. While exchanges with America in the last two years have increased by more than a hundred million dollars, the conditions under which the Soviet has had to make its purchases have grown steadily less favorable. This has been especially true in the past six months. The United States Department of Commerce announced a few weeks ago that American industry now demands a first payment of seventy-five per cent, whereas it used to consider twenty-five per cent sufficient. The American bank that extends the largest amount of direct credit to Russia has been decreasing this credit for the past year and a half, yet in spite of these difficulties Moscow continues to make purchases.

On the American side this credit restriction has been chiefly due to the risks involved in the Communist agricultural policy and to the increasing tension between the credit situation and the liquid funds at the disposition of the Soviet Government. Early this year the risk of a bad harvest made the difficulties that the Soviet Government was facing seem almost insurmountable and although the harvest now promises to be excellent this should not be taken to mean that the collective farming movement has won a decisive success. The Russian crops, thanks to favorable weather, should show an increase of fifty to seventy per cent. But the Americans do not believe that this year's plenty, the result of unusually favorable conditions, will be able to terminate the rationing of grain and other necessities of life that has been going on in Russia for years past.

Under these circumstances a movement for the recognition of the Soviet Union has lately been launched in America. Rockefeller supports it, together with certain banking circles that are already doing business with Russia. So do certain importers of coal who pay the same price for the Russian product that they do for Pennsylvania anthracite, and the Russian anthracite is better. Wholesale lumber dealers are disposing of Soviet wood products at a great profit and they operate without any obligation to buy and without making any advance payments. Recognition is also supported by all kinds of visitors to Russia who have spent from four to six weeks in Moscow being shown the 'Great Experiment.' Still other Americans believe that attacks against the Soviet Union come from ignorant people who do not know what they are talking about.

The big interests now mobilized for Russian recognition feel themselves impelled by the enormous possibilities offered by this huge country of almost one hundred and sixty million inhabitants. The Standard Oil Company has dug itself in still more deeply in the vicinity of Baku and it seems to have hopes of raising a big loan to establish itself firmly there. Big loans always interest Wall Street and the plans now being made are not for a short period of time but cover a long future. The sooner recognition comes the sooner these interests believe that this rich future can be profitably exploited. What stimulates these interests is their belief that business will pick up rapidly and that better credit facilities can be arranged as soon as the American Government stands behind them.

To-day, the Government refuses to fulfill this rôle. Coolidge, to be sure,

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expressly urged doing business with Russia provided it was kept within certain limits compatible with Russia's official position, but he withheld recognition because he demanded debt settlement and assurance against the spread of Moscow propaganda. So far the Hoover Administration takes the same ground, but a strong offensive against it has now begun. The advocates of recognition are greatly optimistic as to their eventual success and have picked their man to conduct negotiations with Russia in the person of Dwight Morrow, who embodies the desire of many Americans for a strong personality who will arouse the country from its political lethargy. Morrow conducted difficult negotiations with Mexico and carried them through to a successful conclusion when he served there as ambassador. An eminent publicity man presided over the discussions of Soviet Russia at the recent meeting of the Institute of Politics at Williamstown, where Morrow's name was prominently mentioned, indicating that the group in favor of recognition has now decided to open their campaign with all their might.

BUT all has not gone smoothly and a most untoward event has already occurred. A commission headed by Hamilton Fish has opened a congressional investigation of Communist propaganda in America, paying especial attention to the Moscow source from which this propaganda is supposed to emanate. This commission summoned Peter Bogdanov, head of the Soviet Trade Commission in New York, and asked him some very unpleasant questions. Mr. Bogdanov and Moscow replied by threatening a diminution of Soviet trade but they cleverly accompanied these threats with hints of bigger orders. Members of the congressional committee visited groups of American Communists such as we have here in Berlin and were greeted by demonstrations against 'capitalist murderers' and loud approval of Soviet Russia.

At the same time the Treasury Department blocked the importation of a cargo of wood pulp which, according to the testimony of a junior officer, had been loaded by forced labor. American law forbids in rather vague terms the importation of any goods produced by forced labor. But the goods were finally admitted, apparently because the blame seemed quite rightly to lie more on the American than on the Russian side. The friends of recognition then announced the hope that this misunderstanding and the explanations that followed would bring the two countries closer together.

It would be a mistake to regard a Russian-American *rapprochement* as the exclusive affair of those two countries. Public opinion in general considers America immune to Communist propaganda. Perhaps this is so, but the Communist newspaper, *Pravda*, is of another opinion. In any event, American recognition of the Bolshevist state would represent a great asset to those elements in Russia which are now leading the country along a definite, uncompromising policy that follows two parallel lines: economic exploitation in their dealings with capitalist countries and, at the same time, preparation for Communist rule in these same foreign lands. These elements would exploit American recognition within their own territories.

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They would proclaim it an indirect approval of the present methods and they would not be far from wrong. Soviet youth has for years been educated to oppose capitalist Europe. Every economic crisis is hailed with delight by the whole Soviet press as evidence that 'the day' is coming and that its dawn is about to break. This aggressive state of mind would certainly be encouraged if the greatest capitalist country were to recognize the one Bolshevist country, especially since America has up to now denied recognition on the very grounds mentioned above.

These are distant perspectives and distant perspectives are never entirely determining in political matters. Conceivably America might occupy a sufficiently strong position and possess enough decisive force to make its 'normal relations' with the Kremlin really normal. From this point of view there is no reason to look askance at the prospect of America's making this important step, always provided that America takes normality more seriously than other nations have taken it and more seriously than the Soviets would like to have it taken. If America could fix the necessary limits of normal relations, her recognition of Russia might well produce happy results in respect to the European situation and especially Germany, by reason of its effect on the two-faced policy of the Soviet Union.

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This featured editorial from the outstanding foreign newspaper in the Far East brings home to American readers the Administration's decisive attitude toward our one imperial problem.

Hoover *and* MANILA

By A FAR-EASTERN EDITOR

From the *Japan Advertiser*
Tokyo American-Owned English-Language Daily

THERE PASSED through Japan on his way to the United States from Manila a man who has figured prominently in the news and editorial pages of the American and Japanese press for many years. He passed almost unnoticed, sailing on the newest trans-Pacific liner for the Western Hemisphere Thursday evening. There have been other times when he was entertained in Japan on his way between Manila and Washington in almost the same manner in which a visiting member of European royalty is entertained in this country. The man was Manuel Quezon, president of the Senate of the Philippines, prime spokesman for the independence of his native islands, and a man, if both China and Manila dispatches are to be trusted, who is sick unto death but who will fight his fight with his last breath.

Not long ago, shortly after the recent special session of Congress had adjourned, President Herbert Hoover made an *ad-interim* appointment of Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt as Vice Governor General of the Philippines. There can be no question but that Mr. Roosevelt's appointment is objectionable to a considerable section of the American Senate, to that section which believes that America's Far-Eastern islands should be given their independence, whether that belief is predicated on the stand taken by the Democratic Party, on unreasoning idealism, or on the sugar-beet industry. Last winter the sugar interests in the United States awakened their countrymen to a consideration of the problem of the Philippines from a purely dollars-and-cents viewpoint. Much harm resulted. The Democratic Party, which is pledged to eventual

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independence, has always (at least verbally) considered this knotty problem from an idealistic standpoint. The Republican Party has taken a more practical attitude, but not until last winter did a considerable number of members of both parties look on the Philippines as an American investment, and ask themselves the question of whether or not it was a paying investment. The sugar-beet interests in the United States, a very small but recently a very vocal group, have much to answer for in this connection.

The President of the United States has answered them and their supporters. He has appointed, and the Senate has confirmed the appointment of the former Secretary of War, Mr. Dwight F. Davis, as the Governor General. The administration of America's Asiatic islands comes under the Department of War, and Mr. Davis is thoroughly familiar with the situation and, it is only natural to presume, takes the conventional Republican attitude toward it. But Mr. Hoover more than emphasized his first appointment, for he chose an editorial writer from an independent Democratic paper, the *New York Times*, as Mr. Davis's first assistant.

If there is one man in the United States whose views in regard to the Philippines are known and are on record that man is Mr. Nicholas Roosevelt. His appointment by President Hoover can be interpreted only as meaning that the President indorses those views. And what are they? They are unequivocally opposed to independence.

Mr. Hoover has again shown that he has an international rather than a purely national mind by his appointment of Mr. Roosevelt, for the Filipino problem transcends the relations between those islands and the United States and no other person has pointed this out more effectively than has the new Vice Governor General. The problem is an international one which must be fitted into the international pattern of the world of to-day. After that has been done, it is possible to turn to politics, although another problem must be surmounted, that of economic independence, which is not being considered here at this moment.

THE Philippine Islands are, in a broad sense, a part of the United States, but they are more than that. They are a part of that group of nations which rims the Pacific Ocean, and they are also a part of the world. To grant independence to the Philippines to-day would at one stroke destroy that equilibrium which the Washington Arms-Limitation Conference established. It would open the road for a new shifting, a new balance of power in the East, and in that realignment the United States would have a very small voice indeed. With her stake in the Far East voluntarily abandoned, America would be given courteous attention by Great Britain, China, Japan, and those other nations vitally interested, but those Powers would be compelled to act as seemed wisest from their own viewpoints, regardless of any protests which the Washington Administration might make.

Vice Governor General Roosevelt has emphasized the international aspect of this problem in his book on the Philippines and has there recorded his views. It is discouraging to observe how little this aspect of the problem

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receives the attention of the American Congress and public. As long as the United States holds the Philippines they cannot conceivably become a cause of war. To reverse that statement and assert that the granting of independence would cause war is not true, of course, but it is most emphatically true that an independent Philippine nation under present world conditions would be a potential cause of war. And it is true, also, that the islands would be unable to defend themselves, alone and unaided, from any Power which might seek to attack.

Except for China's civil wars, Eastern Asia is stabilized at present by the balance struck at Washington in 1922. America's withdrawal from the Philippines would so seriously disturb that balance as to make a readjustment necessary. What that readjustment would be is little more than idle speculation, but there are certain dominant factors which would determine it. There is Great Britain, with her vast interests in India, in other parts of Eastern Asia, and in the South Pacific, which would determine British policy in striking a new balance. There is overpopulated Japan without enough food, without enough work, without enough wealth for her millions. There is China, a veritable rotten apple in the barrel at the present time which threatens to contaminate all with which it comes into touch. There is Soviet Russia, still hungry for an ice-free seaport, still looking covetously at the rich prize of India. There are other Powers with colonial interests in the Pacific, such as France in Indo-China and Holland in Java. And there is the United States, which might talk much and loudly but which would be unable to do anything because the other Powers would know that in the last resort the United States would back down rather than fight to support such talk without the Philippines as a state.

Perhaps an even more serious disturbance of existing conditions would result, a disturbance fraught with great danger, from the repercussion that Filipino independence would undoubtedly cause among other Asiatic peoples under the control of foreign nations. Great Britain would be hard put to keep India in her Empire, Holland would be confronted by a serious situation in Java, and even Japan would find Korean independence agitation, which has so greatly died down under the administration of His Excellency, General Makoto Saito, renewed and intensified.

All of these facts Mr. Roosevelt has observed, pointed out, and thereby put himself on record, either through his writings or his public addresses. Mr. Hoover could not, of course, have been without knowledge of this, and therefore his appointment of Mr. Roosevelt to the Vice Governor Generalship can be taken to mean only that he indorses Mr. Roosevelt's views. Mr. Quezon, a broken man physically, is now on the Pacific on his way to the United States and probably will never return to Manila; Washington's new appointee to the Vice Governor Generalship will soon also be on the Pacific on his way to Manila, a strong, virile man who is informed on the situation with which he is confronted, who knows what he thinks of it, and who has the courage to state his beliefs.

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A Strassburg professor clarifies the recent German elections by depicting the domestic struggle between Socialists and industrialists. He also shows why French and German interests coincide.

DANGER from Germany

By EDMOND VERMEIL

Translated from the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*
Paris Political Semimonthly

IT HAS RECENTLY been stated that the future of Franco-German relations depends on Germany's word of honor. This is a grave and rigorous statement of truth, but the question of whether Germany will keep her word depends chiefly on domestic politics.

We must therefore define the German danger. I cannot insist too much that this danger is not what people generally imagine it to be. It is, for instance, absurd to say that Germany considered as a whole nation wishes or does not wish revenge, is tending toward war or away from it. Germany does not know what she wants and the contradictory events that marked the Rhineland evacuation prove this point. I should even disagree with M. Jean Piot, who recently remarked that there are two Germany's and that we must have faith in one so that we may not be deceived by the other.

How is it even possible to define these two Germany's? In reality there are a quantity of Germany's mixed up together in that troublous, confused, ample actuality known as the Reich which serves as their common denominator. There is the Germany of the economic leaders. There is the immense army of the Socialists. There is the Roman Catholic Germany, and ranged against it the Lutheran or Evangelical Germany. And if any single line of opposition can be found in this complex, disconcerting mass it is the profound opposition between a divided middle class which includes feudal lords and industrial employers and a vast proletariat which has expanded immensely since the War. The only important relations across the Rhine are the relations between

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these two groups. It is the only form in which we can possibly admit the existence of two Germany's. It is, however, impossible to say that one group wants war and the other peace. The German proletariat, for instance, is perpetually fighting the directors of German economic life, but the proletariat has need of them and cannot live without them and will finally bend to their will.

Must we again repeat that everything in Germany is to be explained by the enormous industrial advance that took place in the second half of the nineteenth century? The process occurred with unprecedented rapidity. The pre-capitalist social forms, the family, the professional associations, the political, regional, municipal, and national communities have been dissolved and have been separated from their ancient religious attachments. The institution of the family has been more changed in Germany than anywhere else in Europe. Its various elements have fallen asunder. Women have gone to work. New ideas on marriage have come into vogue. Domestic industry has been ruined. More than in any other country labor in Germany is a form of merchandise that is easily and coldly exchanged for other forms of merchandise. Old-fashioned professional pride is disappearing. '*Arbeitgeber*' and '*Arbeitnehmer*,' the one who gives and the one who receives work—these two terms cover the whole social field.

It is not for nothing that Germans have lately coined the phrase '*Nebenregierung*' (side-government), which they use to describe the proletarian syndicates as well as the industrial syndicates. All Germany is being tied up more and more by the network of its *Verbände* and *Gewerkschaften* which squeeze the consumer to death. The conflicting interests of these two groups will dominate more and more Germany's whole domestic policy. The political struggle is a struggle between syndicates. We suspected this last March when the uncompromising attitude of the Socialists put the Brüning Cabinet in power and we suspected it again when the Reichstag was dissolved three months ago.

HOW can we understand the struggle between the German parties if we do not know the social structure of the German nation? Here is a population that has increased from twenty-five to sixty-four millions within a century, a population that is moving from the agricultural east to the industrial west, from the south to the north, with both east and south emptying themselves to the profit of three great industrial regions, Westphalia, Brandenburg, and Saxony. It is a country that is deserting its farms for its big cities to such an extent that its former distribution of population has been completely reversed, and thirty-six per cent of all Germans now live in rural districts and sixty-four per cent live in the cities, where the real Germany is to be found.

Industry and the World War made certain changes, the inflation created still more, and the number of people old enough to work has increased enormously. Hours of labor have been lengthened and women have been admitted to industry. Add to the army of workers the bondholders, invalids, and wounded soldiers supported at state expense; add, too, the unemployed. The Reich might well be com-

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pared to a house whose second story, the industrial story, is much bigger than its first story, the agricultural one, a house that must be supported by props that are fatally placed on foreign soil.

All these laborers and all these officials, massed together in the big cities and governed by Socialists, are becoming aware of their growing importance to the rest of the country. Social differences among them are disappearing, or rather the opposition between the big employers and the rest of the nation is becoming more acute. The leaders of the nation's economic life are developing into a new kind of oligarchy (*neue Oberschicht, neues Führertum*). Faced by these two groups, the middle class is losing its influence. A vast proletariat, quite different from the former proletariat, is taking shape and is being absorbed into numberless syndicates. Its ranks are being swelled by masses of employees and by the lower officials in public and private service. The war and post-war periods have only hastened this process, have only served to make the elect group of capitalists more of an oligarchy, have ruined the middle class by inflation, and enriched the new-style proletariat.

The figures expressing this condition are most eloquent. Germany today is composed first of an economic élite including about nine hundred thousand people; secondly, of an intellectual class numbering about two millions; thirdly, of a middle class of farmers and shopkeepers including sixteen and a half millions; and, fourthly, of a proletariat made up of eight and a half million industrial workers, thirty million nonagricultural workers and three and a half million peasants, forty-two millions in all.

In a social democracy like Germany people are more apt to fall than rise, although certain historians pretend that the lower strata have been raised to a more favorable level. And it is over this society which is being increasingly reduced to the same level that the employers are pitilessly extending their network of concentration and rationalization, letting anyone whom they cannot use fall into unemployment and poverty.

The political parties can only reflect such a social condition. In Germany more than anywhere else, economic and professional groups are exercising powerful pressure on elections, deputies, and the functioning of parliament. Commissions are playing a rôle of greater importance, and the technical character of the debates condemns these commissions to a dreary state of boredom. Just read Herr Lambach's book, *The Reign of the Five Hundred*, and you will see what kind of parliamentary machine the Reichstag is.

WHAT I have just said explains why a fundamental conflict separates the Nationalists from the Socialists. On one side stand the big employers, on the other the new-style proletariat. Between these two groups are the Democrats, whose numbers are dwindling and whose only assets are their homogeneousness and their press. As for the Catholic Centre group, it is merely a small-sized repetition of the whole of Germany and is tending to fall into a capitalist and a proletarian wing, the latter being composed of Christian syndicates.

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This is the line of cleavage between two camps of quite unequal size. True, the Nationalists have made gains, but the divisions that are breaking up this party reveal once again the various economic elements of which it is composed. Meanwhile, the Socialists are defending the interests and ambitions of the new proletariat. This is why they are spending so much money, especially in the big cities, and have imposed crushing taxation. The Socialists are socializing and nationalizing everything, the working population, the institutions, and all the thousand details of modern life. Two-thirds of the German population live with state aid. Loans are increasing and the more sincere Germans fully realize that this social fraud has more to do with the present financial crisis than reparations.

In other words, the problem of nationalization or state socialism has become the most important topic of discussion in Germany, having supplanted the reparations dispute. Of course, I realize that the campaign for revising the Young Plan has already begun, but it will probably be pursued from the point of view of state socialism. It is no longer a question of whether Germany will pay us or not. I believe that she wants to pay. It is much more a question of whether state socialism will hurl the country into a bottomless financial abyss, making it once more insolvent, and whether it will not be necessary to substitute new methods, dictatorial ones, no doubt, contrived by the economic leaders to fight the Socialists. Behold, then, the German drama. It dominates everyone who is playing a part in German life. In the governmental crisis last March the most anti-Socialist element in the Centre Party carried the day.

How can one doubt the gravity of the present crisis? Bismarck's empire never succeeded in uniting organically the two Germany's that used to dispute for power: the old Prussian nobility and the middle class of business men. The Prussian fortress still exists but it is now occupied by the Socialists, who were so jealously kept out of it before the War, as well as by the Centre Party, whose spirit of collective organization closely resembles the Socialist spirit. The question, therefore, is whether the Weimar Republic can unite organically this new socialized Prussia with the economic leaders. If the Centrists and the Democrats abandon their rôle as liaison agents between the economic leaders in the party of Treviranus and the Socialists, the whole edifice built up in 1919 will lose its balance.

This vision of modern Germany, which I believe to be a true one, will perhaps permit us to judge the foreign policy of the Reich more wisely. If it is true that public political discussion has shifted from reparations to state socialism one can readily see the close connection between domestic and foreign policy. One must keep a cool head and remember that behind all the noisy disturbances that accompanied the Rhineland evacuation, a drama of material forces was being enacted, a financial and economic tragedy that dominates the whole country. The same thing is true of the official declarations concerning foreign policy.

LET us examine the two most recent texts that the German Cabinet

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has taken to express its foreign policy: the speech made by Foreign Minister Curtius on June twenty-fifth before the Reichstag and the reply to Briand's memorandum concerning the European federation. What could be more firm, more consciously prudent than the former utterance. 'Germany,' said Herr Stresemann's successor, 'wants equal rights and full liberty of action. Because she wants these two results she promises to keep the peace, for, in her eyes, peace and these two objects are the same thing.' Herr Curtius then examined all the different fronts of Germany's foreign policy. In the west, since the evacuation, only the Sarre problem remains. Central Europe is in a state of great ferment, which Herr Curtius scarcely described, nor did he tell us what attitude the Reich will take in that part of the world. Germany's eastern difficulties are well known and her recent negotiations with the Soviet seem to have smoothed them out and saved the Rapallo Treaty. In relation to Poland, Herr Curtius praised the commercial treaties and expressed the hope that the frontier officials of both nations would act discreetly. Then came the indispensable couplet praising the League of Nations, a comment on the disarmament and minority problems, and an announcement of a reply to M. Briand. In short, nothing new.

What did the Briand reply have to say? The German government asked: first, that no move should be made against any non-European country or continent and that the future federation should adopt a sufficiently elastic programme to admit Russia and Turkey; secondly, that in the political field the great principles of equal rights, liberty, and security for all should be applied and that in the name of these principles the existing treaties and the *status quo* of 1919 should be modified; thirdly, that in the economic field 'forces' should be allowed free play and that the special situation of certain countries weighed down with social and financial charges should be taken into account; fourthly, that no harm should be done the League of Nations by provoking the creation of Continental groups.

Treaty revision, an opportunity for German economic leaders to act more freely, and a chance for them to make connections with other countries and continents, these are the three essential points of the German reply. Here, too, there is nothing new. We knew in advance that Germany would never want a European federation that would not involve treaty revision, that would limit the field of action of its captains of industry, or that would exclude England and Russia, as Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's Pan-Europe does. Then, too, the idea that dominated the reply was a thoroughly German idea. Life creates anew and saps human statutes at their base. A European federation is all right but it must be a mobile, dynamic, supple federation in which Germany can easily cut herself free from a heavy past, project herself forward into the future, reconquer her lost political position, and assure her connections with the British Empire and Russia.

Nobody has dwelt on the strange analogy between the German and the Italian replies. Perhaps their resemblance is fortuitous, but if Rome and Berlin have come to an agreement should we feel anxious? Italy, like Germany, demands absolute equality

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between victorious and vanquished powers and also demands the admission of Turkey and Russia into the League. In short, Italy and Germany both urge revision, though for different reasons, and the idea of a European federation has thus immediately raised the most serious questions. Is it better to regulate them at once or to wait until they ripen with time? In my opinion a project for a federated Europe can amount to nothing more nor less than a revision of Europe and this is very dangerous and slippery ground.

The new element here is the appearance, if not the reality, of a German-Italian *rapprochement*. Is the old Triple Alliance going to be revived? One can hardly think so. Certain modern historians, however, do say that Germany's foreign position is more favorable than it was in 1914 in spite of the losses suffered under the peace treaties. On the eve of the World War the diplomatic position of the Triple Alliance was desperate and Germany, ill-supported by her allies, had to face a war on two fronts. This is no longer true to-day. Confronted by a group of states, vanquished or victorious, who are determined to obtain by force a revision of the treaties, we French should be singularly alone. Yet everything leads us to believe that the Reich has no aggressive intentions for the moment. The most enlightened spirits across the Rhine know that decades are needed for the German revival. Of course, the reactionary German papers do not ignore the Franco-Italian conflict, or the opportunities that may soon arise to undertake a more active diplomacy, one that would go far beyond the limits fixed by Stresemann. The recent diplomatic movements on the Wilhelmstrasse seem to indicate a tendency in this direction, but all that we have said about the social structure of the Reich leads us to believe that the leaders of Germany are not dreaming of undertaking a new adventure. And we may also add that they have not forgotten Italy's defection in the War and that perhaps they lay no great store by Mussolini's future.

NO, I do not believe that the economic leaders of Germany are at the moment gamblers like Ludendorff. They are more preoccupied with establishing their power in a country still torn by opposing tendencies. As for German foreign policy, it can only be an 'expectant' one. Germany is chiefly striving not to engage herself with any single country. If a conflict breaks out she will either range herself on the side of the power that seems likely to win and whose victory would best serve the interests of the Reich, or else she will ask to be paid dearly for her neutrality. I believe that Germany would be more inclined to adopt the latter course since it would be fruitful and would involve no risks. Hence there is no reason for her to strive openly for an alliance with Italy, though, when it comes to following the Franco-Italian conflict, that is another affair. No one can reproach the Germans for wanting to keep posted. The same considerations hold in relation to Russia. Germany is too afraid of Bolshevism to engage in any Russian venture, but she can and does use Russia to achieve her own ends.

Some Germans think that this

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game of balance which Bismarck and Stresemann played cannot be kept up forever. They even declare that Franco-German solidarity is the only safe position. They cannot forgive their country for not having followed a more European policy in the past few years and for having counted too much on England for the destruction of the Versailles Treaty instead of having marched side by side with France. They are no doubt right, because this 'liberty of action' that forces Germany to turn first to Russia, then to England, then to Italy, and then to ourselves without entering into engagements anywhere, this 'liberty,' I assert, recalls the floating game of diplomacy that Germany played before the War. There is, however, this vital difference. Before the War this game made the whole world anxious, whereas to-day the whole world tends to profit from it. But where will it lead to, and isn't Europe being kept in a state of chaos and indecision? Without any order inside Germany, or along its frontiers, what are the hopes for European order? How can a permanent European federation be built without Germany, the very heart of the European continent?

Will the true, profound thought of Germany's economic leaders be to unite German and French destiny? The economic agreements that have progressed so rapidly since 1926 may well lead to more close connections. The Germans know that they need our capital and they also assert that the European colonies in Asia are becoming so gravely menaced that the colonial future of Europe depends on a joint exploitation of Africa.

In any event, should not our policy be to 'fix' Germany, to try to steer her ambitions and efforts in our direction? Our victory, our stability, our present wealth should permit us to play a worthy rôle, and meanwhile German nationalists, not only the Conservatives, but the National Socialists, will thrive on economic discontent. In the Reich, where centralization is increasing, where large estates are being pitilessly broken up, where captains of industry are acquiring a sure control over vast bodies of men who have no choice but to obey orders, great things will surely happen soon. Germany has no interest in letting her domestic policy, her social policy, and her foreign policy float at the mercy of the formidable currents now traversing Europe. France has nothing to gain from a passive policy which would allow a situation to arise in which Germany might some day take advantage of her. Franco-German solidarity must be so strong that nothing can prevail against it. That remains impossible, however, as long as Germany fails to achieve unity and governmental security at home and is unable to discover abroad any means of directing her efforts in useful channels. Are we not self-confident and skillful enough to interest this country in our destiny, to restrain it and give it the cohesion it lacks to-day, that together with it we may forge an armor that will give the European federation its meaning and its chance of life?

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Modern England wears two aspects—one her familiar mask of gravity, the other a face of deep contentment that foreigners rarely see. These two moods are here articulated in human terms.

English Lights *and* Shadows

By Two London Journalists

I. Home Truths from England

By Harold Nicolson

From the *Evening Standard*, London Beaverbrook Daily

A LITTLE WHILE AGO I wrote what I feel, on second reading, was a rather unkind article on how English people behave abroad. There are many things which I should wish to add to that article, but I dislike following the same furrow twice over. I propose in this present article to take a cross section and to give some advice to the foreigner who visits England. Much of this advice will take the form, the slightly furtive form, of home truths.

Most foreigners who reach our shores are already provided with preconceived notions. Such notions are dangerous and disturbing. The Frenchman, for instance, imagines that on arrival he will grope his way through an impenetrable fog, will stumble over several plum puddings, and will then be faced by what is known in France as '*la morgue Anglaise*.' I have frequently wondered what they meant by this odd expression, and I took the trouble the other day to look up the word in Littré. 'Morgue,' I read, '(orig. inc.) *s. f.* Mine, contenance sérieuse et fière || Orgueil et suffisance.'

I have no idea at all what is meant by 'orig. inc.,' but the rest of the definition is apparent to me. It means that the Frenchman feels that the average Englishman is proud and self-satisfied.

There are, moreover, other preconceived notions which our French visitors in their dogskin gloves take as signposts to the English character. There is that unpleasant word, which they are so fond of using, and which

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they write alternatively '*flegme*' or '*phlegme*,' meaning, I find, 'a self-assured and solid character.' And finally there is the word '*spleen*,' or more usually '*le spleen Anglais*.' This, if I interpret it aright, corresponds to our own phrase for being 'fed up.'

The French visitor therefore imagines, when he arrives, that he will be faced by a conceited, solemn, and gloomy race. This, I beg to assure him, is a mistake. We are not conceited; we are, on the contrary, racked with self-distrust. We are not solemn—on the contrary we bubble with a gaiety which even 'Dora' has failed to suppress. And what they take for gloom is merely a floating uncertainty, a pervading diffidence, and the fact that we are the shiest race on earth.

This, therefore, is the first piece of advice which I should give to any foreign visitor. 'Realize,' I should say, 'that the English are a good-humored race. Unfortunately, however, they are both inarticulate and shy. They get flummoxed when they are faced with the unusual. You, as a foreigner, are something strange. You must take it for granted that all Englishmen whom you meet will at first be acutely embarrassed. You will mistake this for arrogance or pride. It is nothing of the sort. They are merely frightened; and if you put them at their ease they will in the end respond with affability.'

I admit, however, that our embarkation orders, our embarkation officers, create from the outset an atmosphere of hostility. It is not their fault, poor harassed civil servants. It is difficult to be at the same time both official and urbane. But the foreigner enters his Pullman at Dover with a feeling that he has not been humiliated only, but actually spurned.

Then there is the old controversy about our food. Should a Frenchman desire luncheon or dinner in this country he will find that it is, for him, almost uneatable. His distaste will be increased by the fact that the condiments with which he is served bear French names. These names, all too frequently, are wrongly spelled. He will feel that he is not merely being badly fed but also parodied. He will long for the fleshpots of his own country.

This, therefore, is the second piece of advice which I should give the foreign visitor: 'Never attempt either to lunch or dine in England. Concentrate upon breakfast and tea. You will find these two meals are better cooked than in any other country. You may, of course, dislike both these meals. But that is your fault—not mine.'

On arrival in London he will wish, after he has washed and shaved, to amuse himself. Here comes a point where a patriot, such as I am, feels himself at a disadvantage. It is difficult to pretend that London at night offers much amusement to the Continental, or even the Dominion, visitor. After the theatre he may end by being arrested in Piccadilly. Or, otherwise, at 11.25, he must go to bed. Now most foreigners begin to sit up and take notice only at 11.25. They do not *want* to go to bed. And it is difficult to explain to them how it comes that we have our curfew at that sunset hour.

The third piece of advice, therefore, which I should give the foreign visitor is this: 'Do not expect to be amused: expect only to be interested.' I have not noticed that this sage counsel produces any very immediately stimulating effect.

The life of Paris and Berlin, the life

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of Madrid and Rome, is conducted on the pavement. The life of London is conducted behind locked doors. It is difficult for the visitor from overseas to penetrate behind these doors. He feels an atmosphere of exclusion—he feels shut out. I find it difficult to cope with that impression in my foreign friends.

There is one thing, however, against which I warn them with earnest insistence. I beg them, whatever happens, not to spend Sunday in London. Such sojourn leads to suicide. I beg them to go off to Oxford or to Windsor, I beg them to take a bus to Maidenhead or Dorking, I beg them whatever happens not to remain alone listening to the feet of other pariahs echoing upon our deserted pavements. Sometimes they take this advice; sometimes they do not. 'Londres,' they say to me, 'est plutôt triste—mais vos arbres!!' 'London,' they say to me, 'ist eigentlich trübsinnig—aber die Bäume!!' 'Londra,' they say to me . . . but I need press the point no further. England, I fear, strikes the foreigner as being hostile, uncomfortable, and dull. 'Serves them right,' you murmur, 'for being foreigners . . .'

Well, perhaps. But only perhaps.

II. The Lost Generation

By Major H. L. Nathan, M.P.

From the *Nation and Athenæum*, London Liberal Weekly

FOURTEEN YEARS AGO nearly a whole generation perished. In July 1916 most of the men who to-day would be in the seats of power in business, politics, literature, were wiped out. They were obliterated before the wall of steel at Beaumont Hamel; they were mown down by the machine guns in Delville Wood; they stumbled to their death up the terrible Bapaume Road. All that crusading enthusiasm that found its expression in the queues outside the recruiting offices in August 1914, the endurance of the rigor and exasperations of army training, the uncomplaining surrender of personality to the war machine, was extinguished in the shambles of the Somme. Kitchener was drowned in May. His army only survived him a few months. But Great Britain is only now beginning to realize that loss in all its bitterness.

For now the time has come when we want those young men who to-day should be in the fullness of their powers and their maturity to help us out of our difficulties. We are sighing in vain for the men whose lives we recklessly used up in the awful slaughter of those weeks.

In the House of Commons the old men remain enthroned. The men who sat on the front benches in 1914 are there still. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald was leader of the Labor Party in 1910; he is still leader twenty years afterward. Mr. Winston Churchill was the *enfant terrible* of 1904, and, though now foremost in the front rank of administrators and parliamentarians, is still playing very much the same rôle. Sir Austen Chamberlain was Chancellor of the Exchequer nearly thirty years ago; he is still making oracular utterances from the Tory front bench.

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Mr. Lloyd George was a leading member of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's cabinet a quarter of a century back; to-day he is the sole world figure in the British Parliament. He was in his early forties then; now he is the Father of the House of Commons.

The average age of Mr. Baldwin's cabinet was fifty-eight; the average of this Cabinet when it came into office was fifty-seven. There was not a single member of Mr. Baldwin's cabinet under forty when he went out of office. There are no men in their thirties in the present Cabinet. It was not so before the War. Mr. Churchill was Home Secretary at thirty-four; Sir Austen Chamberlain was Chancellor of the Exchequer when he was barely forty; Sir John Simon was in the Cabinet at thirty-nine.

The Liberal Party perhaps has suffered the most from the casualty lists. Raymond Asquith, W. G. C. Gladstone, and Neil Primrose, all men of brilliant promise, went out of politics in 1914, never to return. The whole post-war history of the Liberal Party might have been changed if only they had lived. The average age of the Liberal shadow cabinet is now sixty-five. And in that one fact lies alike explanation and evidence of the party's decline.

In business it is the same. The press is continually elevating into a stunt the sighs of prominent business men that there are no men to occupy the £10,000 a year jobs. That is a spectacular and exaggerated way of putting it, but the fact remains that, broadly speaking, the directors' rooms are occupied by old men. There is not a single railway company where the average age of the directors is not well over sixty. On the Southern Railway it is nearly seventy. It is the same with other great directorates. Mr. Gordon Selfridge was in his forties when he built up his mighty business twenty years ago. Our industries are stagnant not a little because they lack the lubrication of youth. The country is suffering from Methuselahs in business.

Every profession tells the same tale. In literature our prophets are the same as in Edwardian days. There are no rivals to Shaw, Galsworthy, Wells, and Bennett. That splendid generation that would have succeeded them was blotted out as if it had never been. Rupert Brooke died at Skyros, all the capacity and promise of 'Saki' were snuffed out on the Ancre; Donald Hankey became just a name in the lengthening casualty lists, and a score more whose names might have been on all men's lips to-day died unknown deaths, their ideas strangled before they had even found expression.

As Cassius said of Rome—'We have lost the breed of noble men.' It is discernible even at the bar. Twenty years ago the law courts echoed with great voices. Rufus Isaacs was in his prime; F. E. Smith was at the zenith of his incomparable career; Sir Edward Carson was supreme in merciless cross-examination. There were a dozen men whose powers and style of advocacy were as familiar at least as the names of Test-Match cricketers. They were beacon lights. Now the profession is lit with a few glimmering lanterns which shine out only because of the prevailing darkness. The only figure comparable with them to-day is Sir John Simon, and he was solicitor general as far back as 1910.

Everywhere post-war problems are being grappled with by men with the

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pre-war mentality. It is not surprising that we are making so little progress to their solution.

ARE we really grappling with our problems? We are too much a nation of tired minds. Are we doing sufficient to reinforce them with fresh ones? It is true that the immediate post-war generation is too young for responsible office. Those who were at school during the War are still only in their late twenties. But what of those now in their early forties who survived the carnage? Are they being used to their full capacity? Mr. Baldwin stated not long ago that, much as he would like to return to his pigs, he and his friends must remain in the dust of the conflict, for the generation that should be taking their place had practically ceased to exist. Is not this an overstatement of the case? There have, after all, been survivors of the generation that passed through the fire. In dwelling on the tragedy of the dead, there is a danger, by neglect of the capacity of the survivors, of creating also a tragedy of the living. I do not accuse the elder statesmen of consciously clinging to office and authority. Doubtless Mr. Baldwin is quite sincere in his sighs for his library and the farmers' ordinary; Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is never tired of confessing how weighed down he is by the cares of office; and even Mr. Lloyd George, who is younger in spirit than the most irrepressible Tory backbencher, has given indications more than once that he is tempted to slip away to his farm and his memoirs. They profess that they cannot hear 'the feet of the young men.' They are at the door all the same.

It is absurd to contend that Parliament only consists of old men and babes. There are in every party at least half a dozen men who ought to be contributing their ideas from the front benches and in the innermost councils of their party. They are shut out by men who have long since had no ideas to contribute. There they sit patiently behind their leaders, zealous in attendance, resourceful in debate, and, above all, equipped with a realist outlook. Yet any man who was an obscure undersecretary in 1910 and never went out of London in the War can take precedence over them.

It is the same in every profession and business. Men who ought to be directors of companies are still virtually licking stamps and running errands. That is one of the chief reasons why we are industrially stagnant. The men who learned their business when England's problem was one of manufacture are still in control when it is the far more baffling one of marketing.

Those left of the war generation are not being used. We allowed the old men to subject us to discipline and danger through four years of war. The same old men through ten years of peace have consciously or unconsciously continued to shut us out of power and the opportunities of public usefulness. Continued very much longer, this policy dooms our people to irretrievable economic disaster and to the permanent loss of world power.

Upon the survivors of the Lost Generation the burden must inevitably fall of the supremely difficult years ahead: a crucial question therefore at this time is whether or not the elder statesmen in politics and in industry will share their wisdom and experience with the new men. And will they?

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Persons and Personages

Luncheon with Shaw

By Georg Popoff

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

From the sixth story of the big, modern apartment house where Bernard Shaw lives one gets a superb view of the Thames and of its opposite bank. It is about noon and a lovely summer's day. Sunshine pours in through the big window that runs from floor to ceiling and fills the whole room with a quite rustic atmosphere. It is a typical English drawing-room with lots of books and pictures, most of them of Bernard Shaw, as well as sculpture, Greek vases, and comfortable chairs. Perhaps it is because there is so much light that one feels something un-English about this room, something Continental which makes a foreigner feel at home and happy here.

There are three of us present, Bernard Shaw's wife, Alexander Moissi, and myself. Mrs. Shaw, a fine old lady with gray hair and a pair of eyes that sparkle good-naturedly behind her glasses, tells how eager Bernard Shaw has been for years past to meet the great German actor, Moissi, who has done so much to popularize his plays in Germany and whose representation of Dubedat in *The Doctor's Dilemma* often seemed to him the best that had ever been made of this rôle. Yesterday Shaw would have had a word with Herr Moissi in his hotel but unfortunately could not find him, and he is doubly pleased to be able to greet him in his own home. And now he himself appears.

He enters with quick, quiet steps, this eternally young old man. We all know what he looks like with his snow-white beard and blue eyes and thick bushy eyebrows, with his tall, almost boyishly slender figure and his simple, tightly buttoned suit. He stretches his arms out boyishly, approaches the somewhat embarrassed Moissi, and shakes both his hands heartily.

Bernard Shaw loves actors, especially those who act in his own plays, and most of all those who act in them well. This, I reflect, accounts for the extraordinary civility shown by this man, who is said to be much more difficult than the King, Lloyd George, or Winston Churchill to meet and talk to. Yet I can hardly believe this legend as he turns cordially to me, invites us to sit down, and begins conversing in the most animated fashion, for we soon become acquainted with a very different Bernard Shaw from the one whose fame has been spread abroad.

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Where is the abrupt, even rude jester that everyone hears about? Before us stands a charming old gentleman with extraordinarily good manners who charms his listeners with the remarkable simplicity and naturalness of his bearing and who imparts the greatest freshness to a conversation half earnest and half frivolous. To hear him is a pleasure. In so far as I can remember what he said I shall try to set it down as accurately as possible.

THE conversation inevitably turns at once to the theatre. The evening before Shaw saw his German guest in *Hamlet*. He is full of praise for Moissi, who with 'Russian' shyness blushes, expostulates, says that yesterday's performance was not especially successful, and so forth. But Shaw will hear nothing against it.

'It was good enough for me,' he cries, 'splendid, wonderful. But why do you play so much Shakespeare? Better act in my plays. They are more up to date.' We laugh and Shaw laughs with us, heartily, like a schoolboy who has made a good joke.

'What author,' Shaw inquires, 'is now most performed in Germany?'

'Shaw, Shaw, Shaw, and once again Shaw,' replies Moissi with wide-open eyes and in a rather tense voice as if he were quite forgetting to whom he is speaking.

Shaw straightens up a moment and then leans back in his chair contentedly, saying dryly, 'I call that good taste.'

'But Shakespeare,' Moissi continues in a strained voice, 'is not badly presented in Germany. Much better, in fact, than in England. Why? It seems to me that one explanation for Shakespeare's being acted so much more in Germany than in England is that Schlegel's translation unconsciously modernized Shakespeare's language, whereas the English still have to take their Shakespeare in sixteenth-century speech.'

'That's right,' answers Shaw; 'I have thought the same thing myself for a long time. Someone ought to put the whole of Shakespeare, with all necessary reverence, of course, into modern English. I do not know whether I am the right man to do this to *Hamlet*, but I have often thought of putting *Macbeth* into living Scottish speech. The play would appear in an entirely new light. Much of Shakespeare is awfully antiquated.'

'And yet,' remarks Moissi, who will not let anything be said against his Shakespeare and continues talking in his characteristic, somewhat singsong voice, 'how much of *Hamlet* seems as if it were spoken to-day. Even the conversation between Hamlet and the gravedigger about England, where Hamlet was to have been sent because his madness "will not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he."

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Bernard Shaw might have written those words. And then take that place where Hamlet describes the play that he enjoyed as being above the heads of the masses with the words, "Caviare for the people."'

Shaw begins wondering how people in the sixteenth century brought caviare from Muscovy to Western Europe, but suddenly returns to the issue at hand. 'However, this is one of the very places that are hard to understand in England, for the English words are "caviare to the general" and no one understands that that means the people. Many persons believe that it has something to do with Ludendorff.'

Shaw then continued, 'I remember once seeing a wretched actor perform *Hamlet* in a little provincial town, and when the moment for the great soliloquy arrived, this man sat back in a huge armchair, drew a dreadfully long face, and said with terrific pathos, "To be or not to be, that is the frightful question."' With both his arms stretched out in the air Shaw shows how the man looked when he recited his 'frightful question.' We double up with laughter, but Shaw remains deadly serious and says with an air of earnest wonder, 'Seldom have I seen an actor move a public to tears as this brave man did with his corrected Shakespeare.'

We now discuss H. K. Ayliff, the English director who started the fashion of presenting Shakespeare in modern dress. 'The clothes alone make no difference,' says Shaw. 'These people think they only need to dress up a third-rate troupe of actors in modern clothes to have a modern Shakespearian production. They are mistaken. When a great actor plays *Hamlet* it makes no difference at all what clothes he wears.'

A MAID appears and announces that luncheon is served. We get up. The lady of the house goes first. Bernard Shaw shows himself an impeccable host. He manœuvres us through the labyrinth of his lovely big apartment to the dining-room, where the table is laid near the open balcony door. A light wind blows in from the garden. We sit down, *déjeuner à quatre*. For Shaw and his wife, vegetables and water; for Moissi and myself, meat and wine. An old butler serves us noiselessly. The conversation again revolves about the theatre and we discuss the production of various Shaw plays in Germany. Alexander Moissi, who is not only a great actor but a great story-teller, succeeds in interesting Shaw in his dramatic experiences and in stimulating him to talk. Bernard Shaw believes that his plays are not presented in Germany as he would like to have them. There is, for example, the following misconception in the production of *The Apple Cart*, called in Germany *Der Kaiser von Amerika*.

'This play,' says Shaw rather indignantly, 'is understood in Germany to be a glorification of dictatorship. The former German Crown Prince

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has gone to it three times and applauded loudly. The reactionaries are rejoicing and the liberals feel they have been betrayed. Nothing was further from my mind than all this. I did not write this play for the Crown Prince and I naturally had no thought of glorifying the dictatorial system. If the play is understood in that light in Germany, and if people think I have abandoned my former convictions, such a misunderstanding can only arise from a false interpretation for which Reinhardt's directing is to blame.' We then discuss what portion of the public chiefly goes to see Shaw's plays.

'Here in this country,' says Shaw after a moment's reflection, 'different strata of the public go to my plays than on the Continent. Even the English Jew differs from the Continental Jew, who is a zealous theatregoer. For some reason unknown to me, the English Jew will have none of me. Only a very few of them go to my plays.' He sounds almost distressed, but suddenly he adds, 'In time I hope that their intelligence will improve.'

Unfortunately, Bernard Shaw seems to have no very high opinion of the intelligence of his domestic public. The intellectual flatness of England prevents this great Irishman from always enjoying himself in this country. He does not, however, live in his more intellectually and now politically free Ireland. He does not stay in his native city of Dublin, but with only a few breaks spends almost the whole year in 'foggy, stupid, boring London.' Why is this?

I do not ask him so indiscreet a question, but I remember what Liam O'Flaherty told me a few days ago. On being asked by this fellow countryman of his why he did not live in Dublin, Shaw replied, 'Why should I live in Dublin? In Dublin the whole population is composed of geniuses. In their midst I should be nothing but a third-rate writer.'

We have now reached dessert. Bernard Shaw and his wife have finished their vegetables and Moissi and I our mutton chops. All four of us now meet on the common ground of plum pudding. It tastes splendid, but wouldn't any meal, served with the conversation of Bernard Shaw, especially when he is talking with Moissi, taste like nectar and ambrosia? Moissi now recalls the time nearly twenty-five years ago when he first acted in a Shaw play. He asks Bernard Shaw whether he knows Germany and whether he has seen many German productions of his plays. It is generally known that Shaw's last visit to Germany occurred before the War.

'Once, a few years before the War, my wife and I were staying in Munich at the hotel *Zu den vier Jahreszeiten*. One of my plays was being performed in Munich, *Cæsar and Cleopatra*. Naturally I wanted to see it. I asked the porter to get me two tickets. To my great astonishment he declined to do this. "No, *mein Herr*," he said, categorically, "I advise

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you not to go to it. It is positively the worst play that has ever been given in Munich. Boring, stupid, awful. The house is empty every day. Go instead to the *Merry Widow*, or to the *Dollar Princess*, or . . ." and he kept on talking incessantly in this vein. More than once I wanted to interrupt him but he did not give me a chance to speak. Finally I became furious and gathered all my German together and said emphatically, "But—please—I—am—the—author." Never again did I see the good man's face.' We all expire with laughter. Shaw, who seems to enjoy recollecting this German adventure, enjoys it most of all. Even the butler pauses a minute and grins from ear to ear.

QUIET descends but not for long. Shaw is again talking. Where had we stopped? Of course. We were discussing the German productions of Shaw's plays. He says that often great and even very great actors interpret a rôle quite differently from the way the author conceived it. 'For example, my Saint Joan. It is particularly hard to find the ideal actress for this part. In the eyes of the German public I know that Saint Joan represents something fine, charming, and maidenly, a rôle for Elisabeth Bergner or for Ludmilla Pitoëff, both of them splendid actresses. But Joan was a manly woman, a coarse peasant girl, the only competent, strong-willed person among a horde of weak and useless men. The actress to play this rôle must look the part. Sybil Thorndike—Joan was made for her. What a fine, great actress she is! How instinctively she understands every delicacy, every nuance. One never needs to say a word to her. What a wonderful woman!'

The meal is at an end. The butler serves coffee and then cigarettes. The lady of the house, in accordance with the English custom, rises. Bernard Shaw, who is sitting opposite her, accompanies her to the door like a complete cavalier. He then returns to us, lights a cigarette, and goes on talking. Moissi raises the question whether one should abridge plays that are too long. It is a matter of common knowledge that many producers, in their boundless arrogance, even dare to abridge Bernard Shaw. Moissi nervously runs his hand through his mane of hair and blushes, for this sort of thing has happened several times in Germany. For my own part, I reflect that it has happened in England, too. A well-known English director was once asked whether he cut Shaw's plays, and replied without hesitation, 'With a hatchet.' Nevertheless, the thought that his plays may be cut does not please Bernard Shaw in the least.

'A play must be long,' he says; 'the public must suffer in the theatre for art. Only in this way will the play they have seen not be forgotten. The audience must leave the theatre with bent backs.' Bernard Shaw stands up and imitates a bent back, but he does it badly. It is quite un-

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natural to him. His own back is as straight and erect as that of a boy of seventeen.

He then continues: 'The theatrical producers have estimated that a normal play contains an average of eighteen thousand words. My plays are always, of course, much longer. One cannot say much in eighteen thousand words. From America I have been asked to write a play in eight long acts that will be performed, as plays used to be in the Middle Ages, in two parts, the first before dinner and the second afterward. America has already experimented with such plays. The theatres in which they were performed were always sold out. That is natural. The public wants something for its money.'

'It will always be amused by a dramatist who knows how to entertain it,' exclaims Moissi in his singsong voice and looks sideways at Shaw with his big round eyes.

'Yes, to find the right contact with the public, that is the great thing. I believe that the success of my plays is largely due to the fact that I was once a pavement orator. To stand up in Hyde Park or on a London street corner and answer completely unexpected questions from hundreds of people and then on another occasion to have to talk to only one person or even to no audience at all, as I have often done, that is good training, not only for a parliamentarian, but even more so for a future writer.'

It seems to me that Shaw's blue Irish eyes grow dim at this point. He looks into the distance and seems to be thinking of the good old times when nobody knew about him and when he was the only one who, as a writer for the *Star* under an entirely different name, 'followed the development of a certain young Irish writer with great and constantly growing interest.'

BUT we return to the present and to the most up-to-date thing of our times, the talking films. Here, too, Shaw has something unusual to say. He does not doubt the permanence of talking films, in spite of the momentary setback they are suffering.

'The advantages of the talking film over the living theatre are too overwhelming. All unsuccessful plays will be thrown out. All good plays will be preserved. What theatre can do that? In the theatre the audience must swallow everything, the good, the medium, and the bad. In the long run, the theatre will hardly be able to make headway against the talking films, but there are two things one can count on. First, on bad film directors, who, luckily for us dramatists, are inexterminable, and then on the hope that dramatic art may improve in the future. Only if the public knows that it can witness a more complete and cheaper pro-

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duction in the theatre than on the screen will it decide to go to the theatre again.'

In this connection we turn to the high dramatic art of the Russians and begin talking about Russia. Moissi, carried away by æsthetic enthusiasm, relates his Russian experiences. I remark that Shaw is the most widely read and most widely acted author in modern Russia, just as he was in old Russia.

'I know it,' he replies, 'only out of new Russia I have not received a copeck by way of royalties, not a penny of honorarium. Formerly the Russians used to send me a check from time to time. Then I was rash enough to send Lenin my *Back to Methuselah* with a flattering inscription. At once people began printing all my works and I heard that the Russian Soviet State Publishing Company had reckoned up how much royalty it should pay me for books of mine that had been printed since 1918. The sum ran into the millions. However, they did not send me any money. The conveyance cost, they said, would be more than they could afford. This economic theory of the Muscovites enlightened me and since that time they have considered me as one of them.'

Bernard Shaw's snow-white beard quivers as he laughs heartily at the artfulness of the Soviet leaders. Then he arises, 'Let us join my wife.' Mrs. Shaw is awaiting us in the living-room. It is already late, half past four in the afternoon. We have talked for more than three hours and time has passed unperceived. Now it is time to go. We take our leave. Shaw says a few friendly words to Moissi about seeing him again in Germany when he goes there. He then accompanies us to the lift. While we are waiting for the lift to come we have time to relish Bernard Shaw's youthful freshness once again. Although he has attained Biblical age he looks remarkably young and healthy, even for England. Moissi remarks on this but Shaw protests. With both hands in the pockets of his tight Norfolk jacket, which is buttoned up to his neck, he stands erect on his thin, storklike legs, balancing first on his heels and then on his toes, enjoying his remarkable vitality. 'Young, healthy, and sound at this age!' he cries. 'I beg of you, it's not worth mentioning. I am only seventy-four. When I am a hundred you can congratulate me.' He bids us good-bye with a smile and as the lift descends disappears from our sight.

It so fell out that the evening of this very day I met the shadow of Bernard Shaw in the Pavilion Theatre. A revue was being given there, one scene of which depicted Madame Tussaud's Exhibition in the year 2030. The men of the year 2030 were looking at wax figures of Edgar Wallace, Lady Astor, and Lloyd George, all, of course, long since dead. Suddenly one of the visitors notices an old, white-bearded man with closed eyes, sitting on a bench, apparently lifeless. The visitor cries out in amazement, 'Good lord, there is really a dead man!' But the man

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arises and stands erect, not dead at all. It is Bernard Shaw and he says as he walks out, 'I, dead, at one hundred and seventy-four?' We can only hope from the bottoms of our hearts that this London revue scene depicted to-day may be realized in the year 2030.

A German Visits Henry Ford

By Dr. Ernst Feder

Translated from the *Berliner Tageblatt*, Berlin Liberal Daily

'I HAVE BOUGHT all these houses in the past few years and had them transported here.' Henry Ford smiles as he points at the brick and wooden houses among which he is driving his own Ford machine. The sun is shining brightly on well-mowed green lawns and the whole scene looks like a cordial, old-fashioned English village. Henry Ford collects old houses. Whatever attracts his attention he buys and has transported here, close to his factory, where he is erecting a new ancient settlement which he has called Greenfield Village.

We stand in the doorway of an old and, from the American point of view, ancient inn built in the colonial style nearly a hundred years ago. Its interior has been restored in the exact style of the period. Originally this tavern stood in Clinton, Michigan, fifty miles away, and Ford bought it in his usual fashion. He has now equipped it throughout with every comfort.

Opposite this structure stands a low red brick building which is the shabby school that little Henry attended sixty years ago. Although it was only two miles away he felt it would be better to have all his possessions in one place, so the schoolhouse likewise was transported here. A few paces farther on is a little church made out of the same stone with which Mrs. Ford's home, only five miles away, was built.

We enter an utterly tasteless, simple two-story house from Springfield, Illinois. It is the law court where Abraham Lincoln practised before he concerned himself with the affairs of the nation and humanity and was still making his living at the bar. All kinds of memories still live in its low-ceilinged rooms. It has old furniture and there are several autographed letters here, too, as well as numerous pictures of Lincoln, inartistic productions characteristic of his day. There is the theatre programme of the fateful performance on the 14th of April, 1865, given, significantly enough, in Ford's Theatre. On the wall opposite this is a woodcut of the murderer shooting the president, who is shown leaning forward in his chair unsuspectingly, wrapped up in the performance. And, last of all, the room contains the very chair in which Lincoln was

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sitting, its red upholstery torn on the top and stained with blood where his head fell back. This chair has a history. The nation confiscated it after the tragic assassination, but Mrs. Ford, who owned the theatre, went to law about it and the Supreme Court finally gave her the chair. Six months ago the present Ford bought it at an auction.

Then there is a little wooden house identified with another world-famous name. It is a narrow affair and looks like a laboratory. This is the house of the 'Wizard of Menlo Park,' the house in which Thomas Edison discovered the electric light fifty years ago, where he experimented on the telephone, the phonograph, on improvements in telegraphy, and where he even attempted wireless telegraphy. It is the workroom of the modern Faust, stuffed with instruments, with test tubes of every color and shape, with retorts and pipes, with primitive and complicated apparatus, and with the little organ that Edison used with his microphone experiments. The man who worked with him at that time, Franz Jehl, who also knew Rathenau, took us in hand and, as the old gas burner flickered brightly, he related amusing and serious stories of the time when humanity kindled a new light here. With his help Ford brought the house all the way from Menlo Park and reconstructed it perfectly, so that when Edison came here to celebrate his fiftieth jubilee on the first of October last year he exclaimed, 'It is just as it used to be!'

We finally leave this room, where a fire that Edison lit last year is always burning, just like the one President Hoover lit at the same time in the Lincoln house. The sixty-eight-year-old Mr. Ford runs across the grass like a young man to the next house, an old American general store that belonged to Elias A. Brown. It is ninety years old and was brought here from a little Michigan town and has been equipped with all the trappings and wares of a typical old American store. I find it a most significant forerunner of the present department store. And so it goes. There are nearly twenty-five houses here and Ford tells me that there will be seventy-five eventually and that the whole group will be crowned by a museum built in the style of Independence Hall in Philadelphia, where the development of American technique will be displayed, especially every means of transportation right down to the modern Ford car. The museum is to be opened eight months hence.

WE EAT luncheon. Ford is most communicative and willingly answers all questions. 'What do I think of the economic crisis in America? The bankers are to blame. They believe that money is business. German business men, on the other hand, are all of them independent of banks with but one exception, whose name I have forgotten. When President Hoover held his conference several months ago I said to him that there

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was only one way to combat the crisis: raise wages and thus increase consumption. Foreign nations complain of the harm that the American tariff is doing them, but their industries must raise wages.'

'But people say that you have not raised wages.'

'Not at all. In February and March wages were raised to a minimum of seven dollars a day for everyone who has worked over sixty days in my factory.'

'Have you dismissed any workers, or are you going to dismiss any?'

'No. Probably a few more will be added.'

We discuss labor unions. 'As far as I am concerned, labor unions do not exist. The worker can be what he pleases, Catholic, Lutheran, Jew, or trade unionist. But we don't allow any of these things to be discussed during working hours. We pay what we consider right and organized labor is not represented in my factories.'

I tell him about German labor unions and the attacks that the Communists have made upon them. To this he replies, 'Labor unions are the forerunners of Communism.'

There is no question of discussing this point with him and no clash of opinion is ever possible on any subject. He listens to what the other person has to say very cordially and then proclaims, without going into the matter, his own very definite contrary opinion. His little eyes, in his small, heavily lined face that looks as if it had been cut out of wood, glisten as he hits upon some pregnant formula and underlines it with his big, expressive hands.

I refer to the anti-German and anti-Semitic propaganda that used to be conducted under his name and aroused sharp opposition in both Germany and America. He says, 'What is true is true.'

'But much of it was not true. Remember the legend of the wise man of Zion.'

'That book you refer to was not written by me. I was deceived. We have nothing more to do with the author.'

We naturally discuss automobiles. He tells an amusing incident that happened to him some years ago. While driving his own Ford car he met on a country road another automobilist whose machine had broken down. Ford fixed it for him. The man offered him five dollars but Ford refused the money. 'I do not need it.' 'Keep it just the same. You need it all right. I see that you are driving a Ford car.'

Ford rides in one of his own cars, the cheapest of which sells for four hundred and thirty-five dollars in Detroit. He also uses another car of his own make, a Lincoln, one of the most expensive American automobiles. He asks me this question, 'How does one get good automobile roads?' and then answers it himself, 'By building as many automobiles as possible.'

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There is one inevitable topic of conversation in America: Prohibition. Ford is an energetic campaigner in its behalf. 'It is,' he explains, 'healthy and good for the American people. It has raised the standard of living among the working classes immensely. It has increased production.'

Ford employs among his 100,000 workers 6,000 negroes, and unlike most American manufacturers he uses them in the most difficult and skilled forms of labor. He tells me that he has had nothing but good experience with negroes.

His son Edsel joins us. He is not so tall a man as his father and is thirty-seven years old, just the same age as the Ford Motor Company, of which he has been president for the past ten years. He is an only child but has three sons and a daughter so that the continuation of the Ford dynasty is assured. Ford, the father, and Ford, the son, have never been to Germany but they want to remedy this condition. Henry Ford is coming to Germany very shortly in order to prepare the way for the construction of the first Ford factory in Germany, which will be opened in Cologne in eight or ten months. His workers in Germany are to receive the same pay that they get in America, that is, the equivalent buying power in German money. For months past the International Labor Bureau in Geneva has been investigating labor costs in the most important cities for Ford, although the other employers of labor have protested strenuously.

'Don't you encounter the opposition of other American employers?' I inquire.

'No. My workers buy their automobiles.'

Ford is naturally an opponent of the American high tariff that has just been passed. He does not believe it will last.

'Until we meet in Berlin,' he says to me in farewell.

AS I write these words late at night I look out of my hotel room on the twenty-fourth story and survey the restless, electrical city and the broad Detroit River, where ships never cease moving, and Canada on its opposite bank. Thousands of automobiles rush about below me, most of them not yet paid for. One light after another goes out and the full moon shines over the dark waters of the river. The span of a great bridge appears in the background, connecting American and British territory. The lofty newspaper offices, hotels, and insurance buildings rise toward the heavens glowing with the bright lights of American advertisements. Yet for all this grandiose picture of supreme technique one cannot but remember, even in this period of machines, that nothing makes so strong an impression on the world as personality.

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Discovered last year by M. F. Ashley-Montagu in the Florentine home of Walter Savage Landor's granddaughter, these 'Imaginary Conversations' make their first appearance in print.

Three Unpublished 'Conversations'

By WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

From the *Nineteenth Century and After*
London Literary and Political Monthly

IN THE SPRING OF 1929, while resident in Florence, I had an opportunity of examining, through the kindness of my friend Mme. Eleanor Manzioni-Landor, the granddaughter of Walter Savage Landor, some papers and other materials which were found among the belongings of the latter after his death in 1864. Among other things, I was happily surprised to find three hitherto unpublished and completely unknown 'Imaginary Conversations,' not inferior to the best of any of those imperishable masterpieces.

The three Conversations are between: (1) 'Andrew Marvel and Henry Marten,' (2) 'Diogenes and a Citizen,' and (3) 'Solon and Pisistratos.' The manuscript of the first Conversation was in such condition that there could be little doubt that it was a transcription made from the original composition, for it is written out in a comparatively legible hand, and without any corrections or emendations. From a study of Landor's handwriting I am inclined to put the date of this transcription at about 1855–1860. There are certain fine evidences in the second Conversation between 'Milton and Andrew Marvel,' first published in the *Athenæum* in 1862, which would indicate that it was written at about the same period as the 'Marvel and Marten' Conversation. Altogether Landor published four Conversations in which Marvell figures,[1] three with

[1] A Conversation between 'Andrew Marvel and Henry Marten,' with an opening similar to that here published, was included by Forster in his *Life of Landor*, 1869, and is to be found in vol. ii, pp. 584–586.

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Milton (the first published in 1824, and the second and third in 1862) and one with Bishop Parker which first appeared in 1846. It is interesting to note that Landor, who was somewhat of a faddist in matters of spelling, invariably, and incorrectly, writes 'Marvel' for 'Marvell'; I should not think, however, that this was more than an oversight.

Henry (or Harry) Marten (1602–1680) was a man much after the heart of Landor. The son of Sir Henry Marten (1562–1641), the great advocate, he was educated at University College, Oxford, which he left with a B.A. for Gray's Inn. He made a marriage of convenience which turned out a failure, and as a 'gadabout' he soon acquired a reputation for fast and loose living. Aubrey, who is very fair, says of him, 'He was a lover of pretty girls, to whom he was so liberal that he spent the greatest part of his estate.' Charles, it is said, had him thrown out of Hyde Park. In 1639 he made himself very popular by refusing to subscribe toward the loan raised for the Scottish war, and in 1640 he was returned to Parliament as one of the members for Berkshire. In August 1643 he was committed to the Tower for asserting that it was 'better that one family [the King and his children] should be destroyed than many.' He was released a fortnight later, but was not readmitted to Parliament until 1646. He was the most prominent and the most active of all in bringing Charles to his trial, and in the establishment of the republic. During 1656–1657 he was an inmate of Southwark Prison, whither his debts had brought him. Though not a statesman, he was a great parliamentarian, a ready and brilliant speaker, whose eloquence often won the whole House to his side, and whose wit often saved the life of an enemy. He was generous, sincere, and a defender of the weak; he expressed himself fearlessly and even recklessly; he was a hater of tyrants and tyranny in any form, and doubtless his activities in this latter connection attracted Landor most to him.

On the return of Charles II, Marten gave himself up on June 20, 1660, in obedience to the King's proclamation to the 'regicides.' On October 16 he was tried at the Old Bailey and found guilty. In accordance with the terms of the proclamation, execution was, however, suspended, and he was imprisoned. In 1661 the Bill for executing the regicides passed the House. Marten's life, however, was to be spared, only to be spent until his death in prison. In 1665 he was removed from Windsor Prison, where he constituted 'an eyesore' to the King, to Chepstow Castle, where he died on September 9, 1680.[2] The date at which this Conversation is supposed to take place is most probably between the years 1670–1675. Marvell died in 1678.

THE Conversation between 'Diogenes and a Citizen,' as found by me, was evidently the composition as

[2] It should be noted that it is quite possible that Southey, who was the greatest friend of Landor and in correspondence with him until his (Southey's) death, first drew the attention of Landor to Marten. Southey visited Marten's prison and wrote a sonnet on him in which he speaks of Marten having been 'For thirty years secluded from mankind' in Chepstow Castle. This is an error; altogether Marten spent twenty years in prison, fifteen of which were passed in Chepstow Castle.

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originally written. So many alterations, erasions, interpolations, etc., had been made that at first sight it seemed quite impossible that anyone would be able to decipher more than the title. But by the grace of the Italian sun and the help of a magnifying glass I eventually succeeded in deciphering all but one word.

From Landor's own note it is to be inferred that he sent a copy of this Conversation to Browning, who very likely advised Landor not to publish in view of the probable misconstruction which would be placed upon the expressions relating to tyrannicide. It was then that Landor might have added the reminder 'that Diogenes was without the light of Christianity.' Forster has attempted to explain away and negative Landor's views on tyrannicide, but no impartial student who yet loves his Landor can have any doubt that Landor, indeed, regarded this as one of the sublimest acts of which a man can be capable. Coluccio Salutati, one of the earliest and the greatest of humanists, so regarded it, and Bartolus, from a rational and legal-political point of view, also thus regarded it. I see no reason, therefore, why Forster's misguided kindness should be allowed to continue to obscure Landor's real sentiments in this connection. The date of the manuscript of this Conversation I would put at about 1860.

A Conversation in which Diogenes figures is that great critical masterpiece of the Platonic philosophy, 'Diogenes and Plato,' which appeared in 1829. The original manuscript of the Conversation between 'Solon and Pisistratos' was in even worse state than the 'Diogenes' manuscript, so that, though I flatter myself upon the achievement of having deciphered as much as I did of it, I fear that Landor's handwriting at more than one place has here defeated my every endeavor, with the result that there is more than one lacuna in the Conversation as it now sees the belated light. With the exception of these few lacunæ the Conversation is in a perfectly satisfactory state, and makes a welcome addition to the 'Solon and Pisistratos' Conversation which appeared in 1832. The passage in which Solon taxes Pisistratos with having changed the laws is to be found in a somewhat different form in the earlier Conversation; nevertheless, I do not think that its recurrence in the present Conversation was an oversight on the part of Landor, or that, not intending to publish the latter, he borrowed the passage and adapted it to the published Conversation. On the contrary, I believe that this passage is quite deliberate and would have been retained by Landor. Moreover, it is not improbable that Landor intended this Conversation to form the first part of the 1832 Conversation in some future edition of his works. In subsequent editions of his *Imaginary Conversations* Landor made extensive alterations, very often introducing a prodigious amount of new material and cutting out a good deal of the old. In the present case the unpublished piece makes a fitting 'first part' to the published Conversation, and the first words of Pisistratos at the opening of the latter a not inappropriate reply to Solon's last words at the conclusion of the former. Again, the Conversations can stand quite as well separately. The manuscript of this Conversation I would date about 1860.

With these words it remains only to

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say that I have retained the spelling and punctuation of the manuscripts, and that I have added neither letter nor word to the original. But let me no longer stand between the reader and his pleasure.

Andrew Marvel and Henry Marten

MARVEL. How art thou, Harry?

MARTEN. You see *how* I am seeing *where* I am. Prisons are but indifferent conservatories of health.

MARVEL. Breezes from the Welsh mountains and from the estuary under this Chepstow castle have kept the colour fresh on thy cheeks.

MARTEN. Yes, when I mount the table and look out they do me good, however I would exchange them willingly for the smoke of our city and the fogs of the Thames, but your good master will not strike a bargain with me.

MARVEL. Never sigh, my man.

MARTEN. Pleasure hath her sighs, tho' shorter than those of sorrow, and your presence hath brought them out.

MARVEL. Solitude too hath its comforts and its quiet hours; more peradventure of these than crowded cities have.

MARTEN. Exemption from imprisonment is all I wish.

MARVEL. Let us confidently hope this blessing is nigh at hand.

MARTEN. The chaplain of my castle told me the same story, and that none but the reprobate were hard of belief, when he saw me shake my head. Year after year hath rolled over it and only made it the heavier. Before the present hour, few have been so consolatory to me as one last summer. A sailor with a broken leg was singing under my casement a new song. It began *Ye gentlemen of England who live at home at ease*. It is something to hear that any are now living at ease in England, after fines and confiscations, and under French government, patriots in prison and priests in palaces. Fie upon me! I am running into alliteration like a splenetic poet. I too was envious in my own way. I envied my sailor of the broken leg, for he could walk about with half of it, whereas I with a pair in good plight must keep within the courtyard at furthest. Albeit our gracious king's Majesty has provided for my health and longevity in furnishing me, ad libitum, with wholesome bread and water.

MARVEL. Humour is not parcht up in thee, my pleasant Hal.

MARTEN. There are voices that can open a fresh spring in the barren rock; yours hath done it tho' it trickleth scantily. I can enjoy fun in a poet, not being one myself. Were I one, my smile might be awry and my lip blue. On yonder shelf, which is half-full of books to the amount of thirty, there is *Hudibras*.

MARVEL. What a prodigous power of thought is there in Butler; and even Bacon himself is scarcely more profound. Having a friend resident near Tewkesbury whither he invited me, I went to visit Butler in his little brick house between that town and Worcester, and took a salmon with me which had just been caught. I asked him whether he would receive a Roundhead, carrying the fish by a withy under the gills. He recognised me and shook me by the hand. I told him that the court had half converted me and that I could not conscientiously eat anything but fish, which I

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hoped he would permit me to partake with him. 'Luckily for you' said Sam, 'for there is nothing in the house beside eggs and bacon.' We dined jovially on the salmon to which the cider seemed to give an invitation. Salmon like venison and mutton, ought to wait a few days for the cook's summons, but we did our best with it.

MARTEN. Ah! how I should have enjoyed your conversation. Politics no wise man will talk about at dinner.

MARVEL. We did better. We avoided not only that topic but also the ordinary news of the day. Poetry was discussed.

MARTEN. Ah! then I could have nothing to say, but I could listen, and should. Abraham Cowley was my *chokepear*. They called him metaphysical: does *metaphysical* mean *fantastical?* Waller pleased me better because I always knew what he was driving at.

MARVEL. His verses on Oliver are gentlemanly and musical, but they want the strength of Milton's.

MARTEN. I know so much about the matter as that. Butler I hear is a great favourite with the king, who reads *Hudibras* as willingly as the Bible.

MARVEL. Perhaps oftener. He has paid four groats for the poem, but has never paid one to the author, who is as poor as Job or as Milton. Alas, poor Milton! He lives solitary in a garden where no flowers can blow, and if they did he could not see them. Dryden, whom you may have heard of, threatened to rhyme the *Paradise Lost*, a poem of richer harmony than sequences of dactyls and spondees allowed to the Greek and Roman. Cowley, whom you perhaps remember, is lately dead. He dined with the Bishop of Rochester, got drunk, and died in a wet ditch.

MARTEN. I by the providence of the king's most religious and gracious Majesty, shall never die so, nor get drunk at the table of a Right Reverend. The Fathers in God are my godfathers, and are vigilant over me.

MARVEL. We may live to see better days yet, meanwhile let us live in the past.

DIOGENES AND A CITIZEN

DIOGENES. What seekest thou coming hither?

CITIZEN. A man, Diogenes, I left a few behind me.

DIOGENES. Here is one canst not carry back. Hast thou any work or occupation?

CITIZEN. I had lately: I was a soldier in our last battle.

DIOGENES. Thy country was then worth fighting for. Who taught thee thy duty?

CITIZEN. Demosthenes. The Agora was my schoolroom, the field my book.

DIOGENES. Thy master was wise and virtuous, no * * * and quibbler, like the long-robed and light-slippered who amble in groves and gardens. Thee peradventure I may have patience to listen to and converse with; but my talk must be brief for I am hoarse, not by speaking much, but because I am out of practice. Be seated opposite to me. Mind! Mind! not upon that stone with the dry figleaves over it protecting my supper from flies.

If thou hadst been among the idlers of yesterday thou wouldst not have come today.

CITIZEN. . . . I too am curious, yet I kept apart from them. Passing thru the streets along which they returned, the older, who could not follow them so far as to this place, inquired

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of everybody they met whether it was true or probable that the King of Macedon said that if he was not Alexander he would gladly be Diogenes.

DIOGENES. Did the fools wonder at a king? In saying so he thought to compliment me, as the folk's jargon call it. What could ever make Alexander my equal? He wants everything, I nothing.

CITIZEN. Let us hope that, now he has the power, he will render Athens prosperous and wealthy.

DIOGENES. Two widely different conditions. It is only the wealthy and prosperous that are subject to the pressure of calamity. Thou seemest old enough to remember the invasion of Sicily and so have been enrolled among the invaders. That island suffered much for her wealth, but less than her invader.

CITIZEN. Sad business! We lost a stout body of men.

DIOGENES. And nothing more? Ye lost your freedom with your equity. Ye never have been powerful since, and never have well deserved to be. Ye would perforce have other lands ignorant that it is more profitable to exchange ore for corn than blow for blow. When republics conquer other republics, kings finally conquer them. When two sparrows are victors down swoops the hawk and decides the contest for them. States can not firmly hold together. If communities are wise their only union will be temporary, and only against one that presumes to domineer and coerce, and such is the only union that can long exist. Smaller states may lend mutual support, but let them beware of adhesion to larger. Confederacies may exist when unions are dissevered. Where nations are dragged or abstracted too close, there is an end of enterprise and emulation.

CITIZEN. We may look forward from our lower condition to less of turbulence and discord in the city. And this benefit with perhaps some others, the Macedonian for his own benefit may confess. He is about to invade Asia and probably will conquer that proud kingdom.

DIOGENES. Yea, and bring back an accumulation of all his pride. Shall your souls be the loftier for the pride he mourns or your bodies the stouter for the purple he tears off. Every people is, sooner or later, impoverisht by the spoilation of another. Our citizens well remembering what they suffered from the oriental despot, they now are running to implore the blessings of an occidental. I have heard them shout vociferously at his horses heels. Even heads that had lately worn their helmets confronting him ignominously bowed.

CITIZEN. I beseech thee, O Diogenes! I beseech thee to withold such discourse from others.

DIOGENES. With others I am little inclined to hold any. A man who has fought for his country is worthy to hear it.

CITIZEN. There is danger in every word, for in every word there is truth.

DIOGENES. Never was there any danger for me. Death stands above danger and beyond. There are chains, and racks, I know, and other implements of torture in the dark storeroom behind the treasury of palaces, but in many a field there is a blade of hemlock; and he must be an improvident herbsman who in weeding his corn, hath never for eventualities laid by a few ripe heads of poppy.

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CITIZEN. Surely thou wouldst not anticipate the fatal hour.

DIOGENES. My honest friend, thou art no logician. The fatal hour never can be anticipated. Our sages tell us that it is 'rank cowardice' to fly from the evils of life, and they also tell us that it is 'rank cowardice' to stay an usurper. They have seen their young fellow-citizens maimed and mutilated, and thousand upon thousand times a despot, and have sung hymns to the despot that ordered it. He, it seems, is no murderer at all; the murderer is the solitary man who slays the million-slayer.

I never sang a note in my life, but I would go down into the street again to join the chorus on Harmodios and Aristogeiton on a similar occasion. The celebrated Theban never struck his lyre to a chaunt so animating or an exploit so grand. Tyrannicide is the sublimest act of humanity.* One right hand may achieve what legions fail to accomplish.

Macedon has deflowered Attica; may some brave youth avenge her![3]

* It must be remembered that Diogenes was without the light of Christianity. Rulers, in our day, are under its humanizing influence east and west. *W. S. L.*

SOLON AND PISISTRATOS

PISISTRATOS. It rejoices me, O Solon to see thy venerable head once more among our citizens at Athens.

SOLON. I also am rejoiced, O Pisistratos, that there yet remain citizens in Athens.

PISISTRATOS. What should have removed them?

SOLON. When the laws were removed, they were.

PISISTRATOS. No indeed. The wise laws thou thyself ordainedst are extant.

SOLON. But merely at thy will and discretion. Some are modified. Some abrogated.

PISISTRATOS. Whatever I have done was done to please the people.

SOLON. It is well to please the people, it is better to improve them.

PISISTRATOS. Laws must occasionally be modified, and occasionally abrogated.

SOLON. Yes whenever time hath been given to demonstrate their insufficiency.

PISISTRATOS. I have made few alterations in them.

SOLON. Who gave thee authority to make any?

PISISTRATOS. My alterations were ratified by the people's voice.

SOLON. Alas! there is an instrument of soft and silver tones to which the people's voice is made readily to accord. Hath not this voice been heard recently at Athens? Thou hast assumed the supreme power against the statutes and institutions of thy country. I hardly know whether it is better for it that thou art gentle and humane. Substances and nations sink more readily than they rise.

PISISTRATOS. I would elevate the Athenians, I would never lower them. Greatly are they indebted to thee, Solon, for some of the more powerful means, which I also am employing.

[3] Immediately beneath the line which Landor drew at the conclusion of this Conversation there follow the words:—

'I have listened to many odes by many poets, some of whom were born in free estates, which poets were silent as dormice on the exploits of their bravest fellow citizens, and extolled successful Power.' (Sent to Browning.)

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SOLON. Pardon my ignorance, what are those?

PISISTRATOS. I am collecting and collating whatever can be recovered of Homer. Thou hast brought many parts from Crete, * * * by the * * * of the Cretans. These we have corrected from the little we could procure from Ionia. We have never been able to find the commencement of the Iliad. Homer invokes a Godess: what Godess? Evidently the Muse, whome he invokes at the opening of the Odyssea. Neither of us has ventured to alter a single word in any verse. I wish the father of our poets had not said that Achilles,[4] in sending those thousands of souls to Hades, had not added that he gave the arms as well as the bodies not only to the dogs but to all the birds. Now surely there were many birds who would have declined the invitation to such a festival. It seems probable that instead of πασε there was a verb.[5]

SOLON. Such questions are likelier to afford thee greater satisfaction than any schemes of polity and ambition.

PISISTRATOS. I have none.

SOLON. Supreme power is never contented. Thou hast openly avowed thy love of peace. The people are happy but the happy are not always the most quiescent. There are rumours that thou wouldst enlarge the dominion of Attica. Beware! beware! Thou hast eyes which can see across far lands, but those eyes may be dazzled by nearer objects, apparently tangible. It is the interest of no people to declare war against another, and no potentate is long the happier for the most successful. Republics split by repletion. So long as they are agricultural and commercial they retain their power, because their neighbours profit by their prosperity. The people of Judea were opulent thro' Tyre and Sidon, but they were both avaricious and intolerant. They warred first against their nearest neighbours, because these had several Gods and they only one; and what in their opinion was worse, their lands were fertile and theirs less. Presently they seized upon the sea coasts, which incursion brought against them Tyre and Sidon, and ultimately the kings of Egypt. These conquered them and led them into captivity, in which state they remained for many generations. At last they became so numerous, in a country already overpeopled, that a sagacious and politic, and a humane king connived at their flight beyond the Red-Sea. Their leader was also their Lawgiver. He carried with him all the wisdom he had acquired in Egypt. By degrees he purified it, instructing them in the worship of one only God, omnipotent and omnipresent. The worship of others was forbidden.

PISISTRATOS. Was this politic?

SOLON. He believed that it was not only wise but the command of that God who had been his deliverer.

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[4] Landor has here forgotten that it was Homer, and not Achilles, who was speaking.

[5] In *Leigh Hunt's Journal* for February 15, 1851, Landor has a translation of the beginning of the *Iliad*:—

'Sing thou the anger of Achilles, muse,
Which brought a thousand sorrows on the Greeks,
Hurrying so many to the shades below,
While beast and bird prowl'd over corse and arms.'

In a note appended to these verses Landor says: '. . . A suspicion has sometimes risen in my mind, that Homer did not write the word "πασε," but a verb. Certainly the dead bodies were not

"To every bird and *every* beast a prey."

Many beasts and birds would let them alone.'

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PISISTRATOS. Had they no ceremonials and festivals, no processions and hymns?

SOLON. They had. The Lawgiver was likewise a poet, in his discourse he was eloquent as thou thyself art, and employed it to guide his countrymen aright. Fame followed him totally unsought and little heeded.

PISISTRATOS. Yet fame and glory are powerful incentives to great exploits. Why smilest thou? Is it not true, or is it so true as to require no note?

SOLON. When I was in Egypt I saw, in many temples, the images of Gods and Demons, above whose heads were circlets of gold which the priests and people in their peculiar language called *glories*. I thought it a strange and singular term for a thin piece of metal but not very inapplicable to the heads under it. We ourselves equally misuse the word *glory*. The only true and solid glory is that voluntary tribute which nations pay their benefactors, whether by raising their intellects in arts and sciences or by liberating them from an oppressor. * * * * * * * * * * * * that ambition leads to hostilities against the lands in the vicinity to Athens. Success would weaken thy people and ultimately demolish thy power. Kings rarely are wise but rarely are they so unwise as to hazard what they have whether * * * * * * or by popular grant. The race of Atreus is extinct. The noblest of it, Aulis * * *, felt as many pangs as he inflicted. Let us not read Homer in vain.

PISISTRATOS. Our countrymen are pertinacious of their claim to Homer's birthplace.

SOLON. They have a right to much glory, but none to that. If Homer had been a citizen of Athens it would be ignominous to retain no copy of his poems. A few disconnected and scattered parts were all that was remaining in the city over which resides the Godess of wisdom.

PISISTRATOS. I hazard not to give a positive opinion on the subject when it is askt of me by the inquisitive and learned.

SOLON. Nor could you satisfy them, nor could I. Attic is not the language of the Iliad and Odyssea. Poets have a * * * of their own, collecting as princes do their watches from many quarters. Homer was certainly an Asiatic. His partiality to that country is evident in the characters he has given of its chieftains, of Priam, of Hector, of Glaucos, and Sarpedon. At what period, or whether, he wrote the Odyssea is uncertain. Its morality is less admirable than its poetry. His hero is a thief. But so are all heroes if they are successful. Believe me, Pisistratos, there is more courage and resolution in abstinence than in seizure and occupation. Falsehood is always bad, but the worst when it is in action. No professor of inordinate power is guiltless of it. He throws the people down to rob them.

PISISTRATOS. Solon, let us be friends as formerly. Share power with me.

SOLON. Willingly, on one condition.

PISISTRATOS. Speak it!

SOLON. When we have shared integrity.[6]

[6] At the conclusion of this Conversation Landor has written the words 'Not inserted yet.'

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Two German square-riggers still sail regularly between Hamburg and Chile. Here are some high points from the diary of a professional man of letters who made the trip to recapture in words and movies a lost perilous atmosphere.

By Sail *around* Cape Horn

By HEINRICH HAUSER

THE LAST SQUARE-RIGGER

Translated from *Der Querschnitt*, Berlin Modernist Monthly

'THE FLYING *P* LINE' is what the sailors call the fleet of sailing vessels operated by F. Laeisz and Company in Hamburg. These are the ships that broke all records for speed from Hamburg around Cape Horn and all their names begin with a *P*—*Parma*, *Padua*, *Peking*, and *Pamir*. Only two of these vessels, however, are still seeing active service, the *Parma* and the *Pamir*. The rest have become instruction boats.

The *Pamir* weighed anchor, as they say in novels, on New Year's Eve, but part of her crew had not appeared and it took the harbor police until four in the morning to bring them all on board. Our company was then counted over and numbered thirty-three men in all. At Lightship Number Three on the River Elbe we dropped our tug-boat and started our journey to Talcahuano on the coast of Chile, about 15,000 nautical miles away.

Here I must emphasize one point: the extraordinary rôle that the unlucky number thirteen played on this journey. It was the captain's thirteenth trip. On the thirteenth of January we ran into such a terrific storm in the English Channel that the *Pamir* lost her anchor, her anchor winch, and all but two of her sails. One man was hit over the head with a marline spike and had to be taken later to a hospital with concussion of the brain. We put into Rotterdam in distress.

On the thirteenth of February one of our able seamen, a young fellow of eighteen, fell from the topgallant yard, a distance of some one hundred

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and twenty feet. He landed on a steel flight of semicircular steps and was dead an hour later. His skull, arms, and legs had broken. This happened crossing the Equator. On March thirteenth, another sailor, a friend of mine, fell from the forestay. He struck an iron bollard that broke his jaw and right arm. The captain and I worked over him by candlelight for three hours. We fastened his teeth together with wire where the jaw had been broken and sewed up the cuts on his neck and chin with ordinary needles, for we had no others. The jaw bone was dislocated. When we tried to set it, bringing the strength of two men to bear, the young fellow cried out, 'Harder, harder!' for he realized that he had to be willing to bear any pain. His broken arm healed satisfactorily but his broken jaw had to be operated on in Germany. This happened off Cape Horn.

On the thirteenth of April a sailor fell from the slippery metal stay of the mizzenmast, a distance of seventy-five feet, landing on two tight ropes. The elasticity of these ropes saved his life and only twisted a few tendons in his arm, but after his accident he was quiet and serious. All these mishaps occurred in quiet weather on a smooth sea. We also had a case of scarlet fever that worried us greatly for fear of infection. Having no doctor aboard, we wrote down the symptoms and asked for advice by wireless. An hour later the ship's doctor on the steamer, *Minna Horn*, diagnosed the case and recommended treatment.

I shipped on the *Pamir* to find a place that was guaranteed against newspapers, telephones, and bill collectors. During the one hundred and twelve days our voyage lasted the *Pamir* put me in this splendid position. In the course of this period I made a moving picture, a moving picture of the last sailing vessel. I shall not attempt to describe how wonderful this life was under the enormous, high-towering sails. It is a secret, a secret that only a few men are worthy to understand.

SAILORS who grew to manhood on great sailing vessels cannot put up with the life on steamships. A steamer is brutal and stupid, unresponsive to the wind, weather, and sea. Steamers have no souls. Men on sailing vessels, who are at home for perhaps a week after a journey of seven or eight months, inevitably seem strange and wonderful people to the average member of the middle class. The observation of wind and sea on which their very lives depend develops keen nerves. The great solitude of the sea and the absence of women make the men more sensitive with one another, and create an exchange of thoughts and experiences that elsewhere only comes out in the society of women.

There are no machines on sailing vessels. All work must be done by hand with the simplest tools, such as blocks and pulleys, windlasses and levers. Things have not changed since Nelson's time, and, since circumstances form a man, these men scarcely differ from Nelson's contemporaries. One soon becomes superstitious, even if one has small inclination in that direction. A list to port means a quick journey. Whistling dispels the wind. Sacrifices must be paid to the sea. In our struggle around Cape Horn, which lasted nineteen days, the captain threw his live dog over-

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board. Another man cast off a shirt. These sacrifices must be thrown into the water on the windward side to propitiate the sea. Refuse is always thrown to leeward and if one threw some sacrificial offering over the leeward side the sea might look upon it as refuse and be offended.

The courses sailing vessels pursue lie far from the coast, far from all steamship lines. One is thrown back utterly on one's self and can expect no outside assistance. One man had a stomach ache and had to have fresh eggs. We had hens on board that were not laying. We gave the hens chopped-up rats to eat. Then the carpenter made wooden eggs and painted them white and this caused the hens to lay. It is hard to keep healthy without fresh food, and potatoes always rot in the tropics. There is a limited menu on shipboard and it includes salt meat, bacon, salt cabbage, preserved cucumbers, dried fish, rice, and curry. This sharp, salty food harms the blood. Then there is the lack of water. Each man has about two and a half quarts of water a day for drinking and washing purposes. Stiff, tarred ropes and rusty cables must be handled constantly and injuries frequently occur. Salt water penetrates the wounds and causes blisters and inflammations. Each day of bad weather I had to cut into at least two or three festering hands, feet, or fingers.

Life on shipboard is hard except in the trade winds, which blow steadily from one direction. On steamships there are three watches, on sailing vessels only two. This means a twelve-hour day. But in almost all manœuvres the whole crew has to participate, cook and cabin boy included, and generally these manœuvres last a long time. During the storm in the Channel one watch remained on duty for forty-three hours and another for forty-eight. During the ice storm off Cape Horn the sails froze stiff as steel. Ice covered the deck and great masses of snow kept falling from the rigging. Fingers began to bleed and the whole scene was one that no landsman can possibly imagine. It was like war.

Yet it was beautiful. It was real life, strong, simple, and uncompromising, and it was enlivened by a marvelous comradeship. And if it lies behind us as we pack up our equipment and go ashore, at least we can still sing the old seafaring chanteys.

From the Author's Diary

Translated from the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Frankfurt Liberal Daily

BECAUSE we are never content with the life we lead, I wanted to find out if each man on board would change his career if he had unlimited means at his disposal. The most interesting point of this experiment was that nobody seemed to want to alter his occupation fundamentally. The captain, for instance, would like to be a millionaire so that he could build a fleet of big sailing vessels. The first officer would be happy with a little house on the Blankensee and a job as pilot on the River Elbe. The second helmsman had served a long time as a tugboat captain in Sumatra. He knows

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of a salt lake in the mountains there and would like to live on it.

The wireless operator would like to change his life a little. He would like to have a first-class operator's license and then continue to follow the sea. All the freedom that he wishes would be to get paid off whenever he struck an agreeable port, remain there a few weeks, and then continue. He made this kind of journey along the coast of Spain, visiting Valencia and Barcelona and then continuing to Genoa and Venice, finally ending up at Trieste on the Dalmatian coast. Most of the sailors want a ship of their own, generally a sailing vessel, a handsome schooner with a motor that would navigate the North Sea and the Baltic and earn them good money. The old sailmaker would rather be an artist and live in peace on shore, painting pictures of sailing vessels and sunsets just as he now does in his scanty spare time. Only the carpenter would like to follow an entirely different profession. He used to be in charge of a station in German Southwest Africa and would like to go back there.

I have a phonograph on board and about a dozen records which I only play on Sunday because if I played them often we should soon get tired of them. The gramophone gives me a means of showing how utterly different the tempo of our life here is from the tempo on shore. I was particularly struck by the fact that all the records seemed to run much too fast, and I found that the machine was set to its present speed in Berlin. Here, however, life runs more slowly.

I especially like Caruso's voice. If one plays his records with a soft needle one can hear him catching his breath through the sound of the music. But the finest record I have contains no music. It is the recorded announcement of Lindbergh's arrival in America. The record seems to be charged with electricity. I know of nothing more exciting than the way the voice of the announcer trembles as the ship arrives and he says he sees Lindbergh on the gangway. The roar of automobile horns, the shouting of the mob and its applause, the mad handclapping, the shrill voices of the women, and the thunderous music all contribute to the effect.

MARCH 6

THIS morning we are moving not more than two knots an hour and the breeze is light. But it soon blows harder and we speed along at ten knots an hour. The whole morning is devoted to changing the sails. The light-weather sails we have been carrying are replaced with a set for heavy weather, a preparation for Cape Horn. The new sails include a mizzen staysail of enormous size, sewed in accordance with the captain's instructions.

A wild night falls. It is so dark that one can see only the broad mass of spray that the bow of the *Pamir* keeps tossing to one side. Our sails belly in the wind and the phosphorescent spray looks like smoke pouring from the funnel of a fast locomotive. We are going twelve knots an hour. The air is strangely still, for we are flying before the wind. On such a night as this I feel death close by my side. This is not an anxious feeling but a clear recognition of the fact that a wind blows us through life just as this wind is impelling us across the water.

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Toward one o'clock in the morning the wind begins to whistle still louder and a storm breaks. The royal, upper topgallant, and lower topgallant sails are all taken in. We are shipping water over our decks. It is always a weird sensation to witness the first, short waves of an oncoming storm and to feel the hull tremble gently just before the ship begins to labor.

MARCH 7

The storm has abated and as I encounter the second officer in the morning twilight he says to me, 'Now we are going to have to climb the fir tree again,' by which he means that we must set more sail. By afternoon a fresh wind comes in from the southwest. This wind tries to drive us from our course along the Argentine coast and we have to make every effort to keep our true direction so that we can save time later at Cape Horn by going through Le Maire Strait. The zigzag course we follow looks on the chart like the design of a fortification on a military map.

Sunset is a brilliant affair. The sun sinks into a wicked-looking sky; the horizon is a poisonous shade of green, but the zenith is white and a huge cement wall seems to rise above us, a wall one could not possibly describe as being made of air or clouds. Then the moon rises, huge and white. The steersmen greet this apparition as they mount the evening watch with a comical formality, removing their white caps and bowing low.

MARCH 8

The nights are foggy now and it is getting so cold that I have to wear my blue sweater again. The thought that it will get colder still and that there may be ice and snow upsets me greatly. I don't feel the faintest desire to write and the words come to me slowly and without meaning, and one can only write a diary in a personal, frank manner. If I did not have enough imagination to forget at times where I am I should be thoroughly weary of this journey which has lasted so long.

MARCH 20

I never imagined the weather would be so pleasant at Cape Horn. The wind has shifted during the night and a gentle breeze is blowing. A wonderful autumn sun is shining and warms the planks of the deck. The water is smooth and the air so fresh and animated that it seems impossible anyone could be sick here.

SATURDAY

THE breeze has shifted to the north and then increased until now there are little white caps. Fog lies low on the sea and the north wind is warm and the water here very cold. Our fog horn is tooting and I feel as if I were about to return home and meet Lightship Number One on the River Elbe in the North Sea. We can hear sea gulls crying all about us but cannot see them on account of the fog.

We now have a good chance of getting through Le Maire Strait. This strait is a stretch of water about sixteen miles across between Staten Island and the point of Tierra del Fuego. If one can get through this strait the journey around Cape Horn is considerably shortened because then one does not need to go around Staten Island.

The old Cape Horn seamen always

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regarded Le Maire Strait with a mixture of hope and fear. A great saving was made in the westward journey if one could get through but there was great danger also. A strong current runs through the strait that may pile a ship up on the rocks. The wind drops in the lee of the land and the rocks of Staten Island do not enjoy a good reputation. Furthermore, the Cape Horn fog can descend and obscure one's view within the space of a few minutes. At the end of the strait on the other side one often encounters quite a different wind from the one that prevailed when one entered the strait and westerly storms kick up a dangerous sea.

The *Pamir* is now going at a speed of about seven knots an hour but the ship is as level as a rock. If we had put a billiard ball on the polished table in the saloon yesterday it would still be in the same place. Never has the ship been so motionless or on such an even keel as here off Cape Horn.

But our chances will dwindle to nothing if the fog doesn't lift and the sun shine through. Unless we know our position exactly we cannot dare to sail through the strait.

During the day the visibility improves but we do not see the sun. The fog is so heavy it drips from the sails like a heavy rain. I can easily imagine the forests in Tierra del Fuego, the 'rain forests' where the twigs are always dripping, where mist rises from the dark valleys all the year round, where the tree trunks are overgrown with lichen, and where one sinks knee-deep into a cushion of moss which is wet with slime. Nowhere in the world is there such luxurious and varied moss as in the rain forest of Tierra del Fuego. The whole ship becomes saturated with fog and we go down to our cabins to sleep.

SUNDAY

I WAS awaked early this morning by the captain's voice calling out in pleased tones, 'Get up. We are at Le Maire Strait.' It is half past seven when I come on deck and Staten Island lies to our left. Even on the map this island looks almost incredible, like a great crab with long claws, many legs, and a jagged tail. I believe that Staten Island has the longest coast line in the world in proportion to its area. Even the Norway coast cannot compare with it. In reality it looks even more fantastic than it does on the map. It seems to be made of ice rather than land. The mountains are precipitous and the valleys look as if they had been cut with a knife, so that the whole island resembles a tremendous splinter of granite. Cape San Diego lies in front of us. On the other side, fourteen miles away, one sees the coast of Tierra del Fuego. It is flat except for three round hills called the Three Brothers.

The sea is so calm that the *Pamir* glides motionless into the strait. The wind has diminished but still comes from the north. It is rather foggy but we can see well enough. The silhouette of the island has assumed a shade of blue like newly cast iron.

About ten o'clock the weather clears and for some minutes the sun shines through the clouds over Staten Island. The island looks as if it were illuminated. I look through the big telescope and never have I gazed on such a scene. The devil himself must live here or else it is the entrance to Hades. Wilder than any

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nightmare are these bare, precipitous rocks, gray as old ice, their surfaces worn smooth by the eternal winds. In the hollows snow glistens like bits of flame. The edges of the rocks are steep and their rounded summits resemble the broken pieces of a cannon ball. Their peaks look as high as the Alps but are really only about three thousand feet.

I begin to take moving pictures. It gives me a proud feeling to point my lens at this country that has never been photographed in this way before. Rarely does one see Staten Island in so clear a light and even more rarely does a ship come so close to its shore.

Never has the wild life of the sea been so openly displayed before me. Great schools of porpoises appear in front of us, swimming across the strait. Huge groups of wild geese arise and fly across the island's jagged profile, circling about the ship and then returning to the shore. These visits occur regularly every two or three minutes the whole time we are in the strait. Albatrosses accompany us and also mollemokes, big black sea gulls that sailors call 'pastors.' Swarms of little sea swallows flit across our wake. They are black but their backs and wings look as if they were covered with powdered sugar.

Sea lions swim out from the island close to our vessel. Their bodies are the color of light tobacco and their undulating way of swimming is a continuous process of emerging and submerging that they seem to regard as a form of play. They look at us in astonishment with big, round eyes as if to say, 'What is that?' and then disappear.

Our journey proceeds slowly. We keep heaving the log in the old-fashioned, primitive way: throwing a piece of wood overboard, and measuring with a stop watch the time it takes us to go past it. The wind shifts more into the west.

Staten Island comes to a point at its southern end in Cape Bartholomew. Its mountains grow more round and suddenly the country becomes flat. Through the telescope it looks as if it were only a few hundred yards away and I can see grass growing on its round hills. In one place there seems to be a forest with tall, bare tree trunks such as we see depicted in books. I feel a great desire to go walking on that island.

In the afternoon we come so close to the coast of Tierra del Fuego that I can take pictures of it. Bell Mountain is the name that mariners have given to the mountain by which they steer and the cape itself is called 'Good Success.' 'Good luck for Cape Horn'—the English always have had a keen sense for good names. About four o'clock we have come even with Cape Bartholomew and Cape Good Success. On a little hill at the base of Cape Bartholomew stands a lighthouse, but there is no residence to be seen. Apparently this is the light that was built after the War and that functions automatically without attention. The barometer remains high. We have a north wind again and pursue our course of south by west with all sails set. If this luck holds with us the end of our journey will soon be in sight. The sun sets, leaving behind it a bright yellow strip that lies between the sea and a thick bank of clouds. We survey the lighthouse on Cape Bartholomew anxiously. It is a poor little light compared to the big lights on the English Channel yet it

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gives to all passing ships as great a feeling of security as any light in the world.

MONDAY

CAPE HORN appears before us soft as lamb's wool. I noticed on awakening that we were steering by an even more favorable wind. Then I heard between the splashing and gurgling of the water the sound of the captain's voice singing the 'Netherlands Hymn of Thanksgiving' and I knew that all was well. We see Cape Horn before noon. It lies like a clenched fist in the sea about sixteen miles away from us, looking very strange and threatening. Cape Horn makes a significant impression upon me. I feel depressed, for the air here is heavy and the swell high.

In sixteen hours the glass has fallen twenty millimetres. A light breeze holds until noon, when it quite dies away. Cape Horn looks more threatening than ever. All of us are somewhat nervous. The air is very lowering and the barometer is dropping 'to the cellar,' as the second officer says. Nevertheless, it remains calm.

Our wireless operator gets in touch with a coasting steamer on the other side of Cape Horn and asks for news of the weather and for its barometer reading. The steamer flashes back that it has no barometer on board. Poor little steamer.

Now that evening has arrived it begins to blow from the south southeast. This is not unfavorable, for we can lay our course to the southwest. At night our good luck is quickly snatched away from us. The wind is shifting to south southwest and the highest we can point is west southwest. That brings us straight to Diego Ramirez, that lies in the path of all ships rounding Cape Horn to the westward. It has no light. The captain remains on deck all night and is restless and nervous.

MARCH 25

The devil take Diego Ramirez. We saw it to-night about three o'clock in the morning between squalls of rain to our starboard side, two faint clumps of rock emerging from a restless sea. The wind still shifts. We cannot pass and everyone must lend a hand. I stand at the tiller, quite unsure of how to steer by the wind instead of by the compass. We go for five hours on the other tack and then come about, firmly believing that we can get past this island, but the wind again shifts and at noon Diego Ramirez comes in view directly ahead of us, once more in an even more unfavorable position than last night since it is now on our port side. We again tack but in the afternoon the wind comes up from the north northeast and we can steer south by west.

The westward journey round Cape Horn can be divided into four stages. The first stage is Le Maire Strait. That we successfully passed through. The second stage is past Diego Ramirez. That is our present position. The third and most difficult portion of the journey is the westward passage to the eightieth parallel of longitude. Here one has to fight against storms from the west and against a strong head current which keeps setting the ship eastward. The fourth leg of the journey involves going from somewhere between the fifty-ninth and sixty-second parallel of latitude northward to the fiftieth parallel.

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The quickest journey around Cape Horn ever made by a sailing vessel from the fiftieth parallel of latitude to the same point on the other side took seven days. The record journey in the other direction, which is generally easier, is six days and twenty-two hours.

MARCH 26

CALM. It seems that we are in the centre of a depression area which is moving with us toward the southwest. The barometer stands very low but there must be wind at the edges of this area since the swell is running high. Cape Horn is mocking us. We have partially reefed our sails. The men at the wheel stand watch ready to give the signal to shorten sail when the storm breaks, for according to the barometer a storm must come, though it has not yet arrived.

The Cape Horn sky encloses us like a deep coffin. Big black banks of cloud, incredibly threatening and heavy, rise above us. Their edges are lined with broad white streaks from which rays of the half-concealed sun shoot forth. At the zenith the sky is white with a thick kind of whiteness, almost milky and something like whipped white of egg.

The swell grows higher, the ship creaks and groans, for it is nervous, too. The night is extraordinarily oppressive and the stars look dim. We are sailing with our foresails and mizzensails reefed. The wind has come up again and keeps blowing harder.

MARCH 27

Again, contrary to all rules, the storm has failed to break. We find ourselves apparently still in the calm centre of a depression area. We are in the seventy-first parallel of longitude and there is every reason to believe that we shall soon reach the eightieth.

There was a wonderful light this morning and the whole sky looked like a big paper lantern. The high swell in which we are rolling made the sun play hide and seek behind our masts and sails. I took pictures, keeping my lens constantly pointed at the misty sun so that the sails seemed to be running past the sun. Then I would focus my machine on the ship and it was the sun's turn to move back and forth. This strange, pale light only exists at Cape Horn and ought to look extraordinary in a film.

I was awakened in the night by salt water and splinters of glass flying into my face. My half-broken porthole had smashed in and I had to screw on its steel lid. Icy cold had penetrated the whole ship and had even crept under my woolen blankets. The *Pamir* was lying far over on her port side. I heard the wind howling, not wildly as it does in the English Channel but with a steady pressure, always blowing at the same speed except that its intensity kept gradually increasing. Terrific strength lay in that wind.

When my books and all my other effects fell from their places I arose. I stood on tiptoe and the boat was lying over at such an angle that I could almost touch the floor with my hands. I then clambered over the precipitous floor of my cabin and up the chart-house stairs to the deck.

A weird scene greeted me. The moment I emerged I seemed to run against a wall of hail and spray. The lights of the *Pamir* were surrounded by red and green clouds of water. Above me in the rigging a torn sail

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flapped and crackled. There was nobody on deck, for the captain and steersmen and all the crew could be seen aloft clinging to the yards, attempting to shorten sail. The hail burned my skin. My breath came hard. I could not have made my voice heard above this storm and the men aloft were quite silent. Presently I returned below deck and began preparing my moving-picture equipment, since it would grow light at six o'clock. We were steering south southwest, which meant that we were running toward the South Pole and away from our course. The clinometer in the chart house had stopped functioning. It cannot register an angle of more than thirty degrees. About half past six I came on deck again and was at once soaked to the skin by the seas we were shipping. A faint gray light revealed a devastated deck, tangled rigging and tackle, tattered sails flapping against the masts, and reefed sails white with snow. Both watches were on deck, looking exhausted and played out. Their hands and faces were bluish gray with cold and they were dressed strangely to protect themselves from the cold. Some of them had wrapped blankets around themselves under their oilskins. One had tied about his waist a light blue woolen shirt which hung down over his legs. Another wore an elegant black coat under his short yellow oilskin.

I began to take pictures and after I had reeled off twenty-five yards my fingers were so stiff that I could not hold the camera any longer so I rubbed my hands together and sprinkled a little whiskey on them from my flask.

Gradually the wind abated and our larger sails were set again. During this process avalanches of ice and snow fell on the deck and the captain's dog barked and played with the icicles. At sunset we were steering southwest but at seven o'clock we veered around to the northwest. The barometer was still 'in the cellar' and the captain prophesied a southwest storm of hurricane proportions. We had reached the seventy-second parallel of longitude and the fifty-eighth parallel of latitude and had now spent eight days at Cape Horn.

FRIDAY

INSTEAD of a hurricane a dead flat calm has fallen overnight. The *Pamir* is rolling so heavily that great masses of water are breaking over both sides. Nevertheless, I sleep soundly and hear in a dream the bottles in my medicine chest sliding about and the sound of breaking china in the pantry.

SATURDAY

A quiet morning. Our course is southwest. The wind is westward and the barometer very low. Most of our sails are reefed for fear of a sudden storm. About one o'clock a severe squall sets in and both watches come on deck. Mainsail, foresail, crossjack, and upper topsail are taken in. In the afternoon we veer to the northwest again. The ocean is seething and a storm brewing. The sun breaks through the threatening clouds, shedding a wonderful light. That is typical of this region: a few minutes before a squall begins the sun breaks through for a few seconds.

SUNDAY

The light here is a constant source of amazement to me; the finest fire-

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works in the world are nothing compared to the sky around Cape Horn. We are still tacking against this eternal northwest wind. Twice a day we come about and on each occasion both watches are on deck. What we gain to windward we lose by reason of a head current—a process that has been going on for ten days now.

MONDAY

I awoke to realize that the ship was leaning far to starboard and came on deck at six o'clock. Everything was transformed and all the crew wore happy expressions. We have a southwest wind and are steering northwest with all sails set.

Evening. The wind has become a storm. The *Pamir* is sailing splendidly and is heading southwest under its topgallant sails. She is tipping as much as if she were a yacht and seas are breaking over the deck. All the wire rigging is singing in the wind.

TUESDAY EVENING

I think I know what a hurricane is now, but I am almost too exhausted to write. When it began at about five o'clock the sea was so white that the ship looked as if she were packed in cotton wool. The next thing that happened was quite different from anything I have ever been able to imagine, although I have sailed the seas for six years. Deep silence and strange stillness. That is the essence of a hurricane.

The sea stands still. It is a mountain range with high peaks and deep valleys cut out of steel. It looks like a landscape when the snow is melting. On the peaks of the mountains lie white glaciers and in the valleys there are thin streaks of foaming torrents of snow. Only the ship moves and its motions are utterly strange. It glides about like butter in a frying pan.

I stand glued to the wall of the chart house. Although I do not move about at all it requires all my energies merely to remain alive. The ship often tips at an angle of forty-five degrees or more. I do not believe that I am exaggerating when I say this. If I try to walk I am propelled like a shot all over the place, from corner to corner. The ship roars as if there were a hundred lions in its masts but the roar is so loud that it is deafening and gives the effect of complete stillness. It is so natural for the sea to keep breaking over the boat that I do not even wonder at it any more. The ship takes mighty buffetings like a defeated boxer and then stands still and quivers. It suffers like a man in pain.

Ropes have been strung at right angles across the deck, for if the sea picks up a man who has no support it beats him to a jelly. There is nothing but cold food to eat, for everything in the kitchen is topsy-turvy. The stove at first poisoned the air with coal gas and then, thank heaven, went out. No stove can burn during a hurricane, for a hurricane cuts off the air, paradoxical as that may seem.

THURSDAY

The hurricane has abated. This morning we all thought that our little pigs had been drowned in their stall but they are still alive, though very wet and unhappy. All our equipment is soaking wet. The crew has no more dry berths and no more dry clothes. All their faces look old. The hurricane has driven us back fifty miles to the northeast.

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The flush of an international tennis victory has not blinded all Frenchmen to the fact that sport is only part of life—not the whole of it. A timely essay with a moral for all countries.

Sport *for* Sport's *Sake*

By Edmond Jaloux

Translated from *Le Temps*
Paris Semi-Official Daily

ONCE MORE THE Davis Cup remains in our hands. It was a great victory, which, naturally enough, has caused infinite rejoicing among our tennis players, and our satisfaction has been all the greater because the competition was so keen and because Tilden, the American champion, showed admirable skill, vigor, and style. But a desire has been expressed to transform this happy event into a triumph on the part of the French nation. This seems to me a most dangerous tendency. To-morrow or the next day, America may well recapture the Davis Cup, in which case we shall be obliged to register a defeat for France. Furthermore, since each match has a constantly growing tendency to excite all the competing countries, national honor will be compromised in every tennis reversal, every lost bicycle race, every failure at track athletics. Formerly that did not take place except when a frontier was violated, a treaty broken, or when the dey of Algiers flicked his fan. Thus we find ourselves asking whether countries cannot play each other politely without involving their honor and without threatening world peace.

But, you say, we have not yet reached that condition. Wait a moment. The condemnation of the French athlete, Cuvelier, has not been devoid of consequences and one of our deputies has just demanded that as soon as our compatriot is acquitted our sport societies shall refuse to enter into relations with German sporting societies. In short, this episode shows quite clearly how bicycle riders or football players tend to become the official representatives of their nation. Shall we witness the day when the

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Quai d'Orsay will choose its ambassadors from the ranks of former boxing and rowing champions? Be advised that if I hazarded this guess in certain quarters nobody would smile.

You have recently read that when the Uruguayans defeated the Argentines in football in Montevideo, the Uruguayan parliament suspended its sessions to be present at the scene of victory while an Argentine crowd in Buenos Aires attacked the Uruguayan consulate and threw stones at a woman who dared to hang a Uruguayan flag from her window. If we do not take care we shall soon see the big national competitions being followed by massacres whenever the country on whose soil the victory has been won is not triumphant. We shall have repetitions of Saint Bartholomew's Day at the conclusion of golf and tennis matches.

When we see how far the most innocent sports—but in human hands nothing remains innocent—can develop the worst form of national vanity, we cannot help regarding the future with a sombre eye. I lack, alas, the necessary confidence in M. Briand's desperate efforts to save France and Europe from the destiny that is awaiting them, a destiny, if I judge authorized opinion rightly, that is being anticipated with lively impatience by thousands of fanatics eager for mass suicide.

Some years ago when Carpentier was defeated in America I remember the atmosphere of mourning that descended upon Paris. Many poor people had been made to believe that their country's fate was at stake and they revealed their agony and despair excessively. I, too, having wished to share these popular emotions, passed a very sad evening. I felt that part of my national patrimony had been wrested away from me. It was like a betrayal of Racine. It was the Americanization of Watteau.

Next morning, by the clear light of day, a wave of good sense put me on my feet again. I perceived how difficult it is to escape from the upheavals to which the collective soul is subject. Having bleated enough over Carpentier's fate, I swore to be more circumspect in the future and to stop believing in Waterloos of the prize ring, for boxing has not been a really French sport ever since it has had a champion who was born in America. For fluctuations in athletic success establish or remove for the whole country the special vocation of following one form or another of sport. If to-morrow we find a successor to Carpentier we shall at once read that boxing was created and put into the world for the sole purpose of testing the value of our best national qualities. In itself such a statement does not amount to much; the trouble is that we believe it.

I hope that no one will consider these lines I am writing as being in any way critical of sport, for sport constitutes a very real conquest over the antihygienic and sedentary spirit of former generations. Thanks to sport our young contemporaries have enjoyed a condition of physical rapture that few of their elders knew. The expenditure of muscular effort vigorously and wisely put forth becomes a marvelous instrument for immediate pleasure. The body is made to perform a certain number of movements in accordance with a definite rhythm, and sport in a certain sense

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is the art of setting one's body to music. No one will deny that the pleasure of stimulating the cells of our body has its origin in an almost mathematical series of contractions and expansions. This is what explains the feeling we experience of having recaptured in our various members a lost harmony and of having put ourselves in tune with the great melodies of the universe. When we recall the life that many young people recently led, going from offices or studios full of poisonous air to cafés or smoke-filled bars, while their joints grew rusty and their lungs were stifled, and when one sees the young people of to-day, half naked in the open air, participating in some cross-country race or swimming contest, one rejoices in the great popularity that these forms of exercise and many others have attained. But the modern spirit has something excessive and disorderly about it, a quality that injects an element of absurdity and disequilibrium into everything we undertake.

In considering the sporting habits of ancient Greece we too often forget the rôle that politics originally played in the Olympic games. When the states of Elis and Pisa were founded they adopted the cult of Zeus, who was supposed to reign over Olympus, and they instituted games in his honor. Zeus represented the common shepherd of all peoples, the most ancient federal god of Hellas. Through the Olympic games the various states took out reciprocal guarantees. Zeus became a common protector who rallied together on this occasion the isolated groups on the peninsula and forced them to contract obligations to each other. The games became a kind of truce and perfect security necessarily pervaded the vicinity of every temple. Anyone who broke this peace by an act of violence was hailed before the tribunal of the Eleans and every condemned person was made the slave of the god he had offended and could only buy his freedom by paying a heavy fine.

THUS sport had a religious and civic origin and tended to develop the first germs of civilization. Far from creating pernicious rivalries, it demanded that the idea of struggle should have nothing to do with cupidity and personal vanity. The victor's crown was taken from the very tree consecrated to the god's honor. It was a means of coming close to this god and placing one's self under his protection.

The physical education that accompanied this spiritual education was governed by an essentially Greek virtue, the voluntary moderation of the wise man, *sophrosyne*. This virtue was supposed to imprint hatred of all presumptuousness and to develop the observation of an exact balance in all things. Skill and physical force were not cultivated for their own sake but became part of a moral, intellectual, and civic whole, taking on their true meaning only in relation to other forms of culture.

I do not want to crowd the picture I am painting, but when one sees the passionate admirers of modern sport incessantly invoking the example of ancient Greece it would be well to recall to them some of the prime notions connected with the Olympic games. The delirious condition into which the arrival of a few runners

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plunges our crowds, the battles between Uruguayans and Argentines, the hostile outbreaks that often occur on the field of play when the decisions of the referee do not correspond with the natural desires of the crowd, the return to primitive totems in the shape of some champion who becomes the ephemeral idol of the multitude, all these manifestations do not seem to recall that attitude of *sophrosyne* which the Greeks gave us as an example.

Our poor world, unlike theirs, is completely subdued by immoderation and if there is one thing that is going to leap to the eyes of future historians when they come to study the first third of this century I believe that it will be this trait. And does a spectacle in one of our stadiums testify to this trait any less than an exhibition of paintings or a thousand other manifestations of the public and private mind?

In the vigorous satire that M. Georges Duhamel has just devoted to the world that is now in the making, he has drawn our attention to the deformation that the sport spirit is undergoing. He accuses it of having created greedy and grasping professionals, who are turning our sporting events into exhibitions or circuses. One of the earliest and most active organizers of sport in France, one of the founders of our Olympic games, told me recently how much he had been impressed by M. Duhamel's criticisms and how much he had approved of them. 'These truths are indispensable,' he remarked. 'They cannot be repeated too often if we want to preserve our sport culture on a sound future basis.' He then took as a text these bitter, just words of M. Georges Duhamel:—

> The ambition, no doubt noble in itself, to shine in the first rank drives a great number of young men to urge their bodies to make efforts beyond their powers. In too many cases, sport is not a harmonious amusement, it is a tedious labor, a pernicious overdraft that drives physical organisms to excess and misuses the will power. Too quickly specialized, the athlete does not develop in a state of happy equilibrium. He bears the stigmata, the deformations, and ugliness that mark all professional excess.

One cannot help wishing that writers who devote themselves to exalting athletes had assumed instead the task of educating the masses to sport. But the men who praise sport have preferred to give themselves over to the most far-fetched adulation. I recently heard an aviator disdainfully use the expression, 'belly-crawlers,' to describe all those, and there are many of them, who do not travel by air. I do not know what term of contempt sport writers use to describe people who do not devote themselves to praising champions, but I suppose it must be pretty strong. For my part, I often read novels, poems, and essays inspired by the glories of sport, —and I read them respectfully,— but how much better Pindar sings!

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The whole Iberian peninsula is now in the process of being 'discovered.' Here are two good reasons for setting out in that direction—Spain and Portugal.

From Spain *to* Portugal

By Two German Visitors

Translated from *Der Querschnitt*
German Literary and Political Monthly

I. Spanish Omelet

By Paul Cohen-Portheim

Of course, Louis XIV was a great monarch, but when he uttered the historic remark, 'There are no more Pyrenees,' he made a great mistake. The Pyrenees still exist and even seem to have grown to such a height that the Spaniards cannot see Europe at all, although they have not missed much in the past twenty years. The result is that the World War, Bolshevism, standardization, and realism both old and new mean no more to these admirable people than expressionism, Americanism, and other by-products of Bohemian villages, which no Spaniard would ever call Czechoslovakian because he knows as little about this modern apparition as about any other. European trains cannot go beyond the frontier since the Spanish railway tracks have a different gauge. How important and symbolic it is that the two other European countries with different gauges, England and Russia, are excluded from Count Coudenhove-Kalergi's Pan-Europe.

Barcelona is situated partly on the Mediterranean, partly in the twenty-first century, like Buenos Aires, and yet not far from northern Africa; and I have noted down a few things here that Baedeker omits. The city has a splendid new station in which luggage is carried on a kind of escalator so that one walks along beside it. Now all this is highly technical and modern and, I believe, similar to a contraption they have in Buenos Aires, but, on the other hand, the platform itself is not concrete but merely dirt. All life is like that here and it is most delightful to observe the constant contrasts. In my hotel I was given a room with-

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out a bath. I asked for one with a bath and my request was granted. 'What does it cost?' I inquired. 'Just the same as the other,' said the friendly proprietor. No doubt, had I demanded a salon, they would have even lowered the price.

IN 1913, Barcelona wanted to stage an exposition but was not ready for it. From 1914 to 1918 not enough nations could be represented, and from 1918 to 1928 the time simply slipped by, and the exposition was finally opened in 1929. It is still open in 1930, although the lily-livered foreigners have closed their pavilions, or torn them down. This, however, has not discouraged the Spaniards, who have built other pavilions and, no doubt, the exposition will now remain open for sixteen years. Certainly it looks as if it were built to last sixteen centuries. I do not know what is inside all the buildings, but a palace on top of a hill is a work of art. Other artistic touches include life-size human figures enacting historic scenes under glass, including Columbus discovering America, and so forth. When the costumes are not luxurious enough, and they are usually very luxurious, the faces of the figures have been painted gold and silver.

Then there is a superpanopticon. (I later discovered artistic masterpieces of the same school in the form of postcards depicting slender bullfighters and famous fat dancing girls whose shawls, mantillas, and costumes are bright and hand-painted, with little spangles on them to make them look magnificent.) Between the different groups in the panopticon hang dozens of tapestries mistakenly called Gobelins, and the most magnificent religious treasures that one could imagine, a combination that is thoroughly Spanish.

But the greatest artistic pleasure that the exposition affords, and perhaps the greatest one can imagine, is the fruit of an art that has no real name. In Berlin, where we like to make childish abbreviations, it would perhaps be called 'W. L.' which does not stand for '*Wagons-Lits*' but for 'water' and 'light.' The whole exposition is lit by indirect illumination and it is built on hilly ground where there are huge cascades, gigantic waterspouts, pillars of glass, and fantastic glass plants. These fountains keep changing their forms and the light that plays upon them keeps changing its colors. It is an art of color similar to what we see in Gothic stained glass or in huge precious stones, an art of rhythmic motion like the Russian ballet and of pure light such as shines on the Alps when the moon is full. There has never been anything like it before and perhaps nothing similar will ever be seen again, but, in any event, one can go look at it every evening for the equivalent of eighty pfennigs in German currency. The exposition has piled up a majestic deficit of which Barcelona is as proud as of the show itself.

I did not find that people were greatly interested in any other matters, politics, for instance. The Primo episode is over. The new man, Berenguer, is a personal friend of the King. He is gradually bringing the country back to constitutional government, but this does not involve many changes because Spain is part of the Orient and has for a long time enjoyed a personal form of government,

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and the quality of its autocracy has varied but little. Judged by European standards the whole system seems utterly corrupt and objectionable, but the power of the Church remains unbroken and alone makes all things holy. According to all text-books on the subject, Spain ought to be a poverty-stricken, miserable country, but actually it is a blooming and happy one. I believe that only its intellectuals really want the reforms that they expect to get from a republic and that only the generals and the army exercise real political power, while the great mass of the people is utterly disinterested; and I do not believe that any change will occur within a predictable length of time.

One finds good new roads everywhere and more are being built and planned. Without any doubt whatever the country is on the up-grade and at such times nobody wants an upheaval. Although Barcelona is known to be the centre of republican and revolutionary activity and wants to achieve independence, a big new palace is being built for the King here, and where else in the world are such things being constructed now? This palace is situated at some distance from the city, to which it is connected by a broad automobile boulevard. The people are much more interested in '*futbol*' and bullfighting than in politics. The city already rejoices in the possession of three arenas and a big new stadium has been built in conjunction with the exposition. None the less, antiquity still survives, but it is a gay, not a gray, antiquity. In parks and public places people dance the *sardana*, a peculiar step executed in a circle which anyone who wants to can join, so that one sees old gentlemen in silk hats skipping along beside children. Groups of people burst into song on the street at every opportunity, for a continual festival seems to be in progress. The little Phrygian caps the men wear have not changed since Grecian days.

THE majority of the population spends all its time having its shoes shined, and a large minority makes a living shining them. In the midst of a turmoil of automobiles a shepherd guides his flock, and under an electric sign stands the *sereno*, the night watchman, with a big bunch of keys and a lantern. Narrow alleys run off the big, broad boulevards and around the twisted mediæval streets in the centre of the city, but a new Barcelona is being laid out like a checkerboard. Near the old Gothic cathedral a new cathedral has been in the process of construction for the past thirty years. It is in the *art-nouveau* style and is frightfully ugly. Near the theatres where Paris companies are performing or Furtwängler is conducting is the red-light district of Parallelo, that almost puts our own Hamburg in the shade. One after another women parade across the variety stage representing princesses, Salomes, and babies, young and old, thin and hugely fat; and all of them, without exception, eventually break into a Spanish dance. On the second story of this building one can get to know these women a little better. One can see revues that even the most provincial German town would not stand for, but one can also visit Cochran's famous extravaganza from the London Pavilion with its original cast. One can live in a real Ritz Hotel, spending many pesetas, or

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one can spend the night for very little in a *fonda* where Don Quixote might have stayed. One can also visit the near-by watering place of Sitjes, which has a fine beach and calls itself the Spanish Nice. This version of Nice, however, has only two little hotels and a small booth that serves as its Casino. However, a big hotel is now being built, unfortunately not in time for the present season. A promenade many miles long has been laid out, banked with advertisements, and the houses behind it look very solitary and remote. Sitjes itself is a charming little white town, shaded by palm trees. The whole coast is dotted with other delightful resorts and the rest of Catalonia is filled with factories, monasteries, forests, churches, and mountains all mingled together.

For a long time now Catalonia has wanted to be independent. It speaks a language of its own, it is the richest part of Spain, and contains almost all the industries of the country. People say that the King is ready to show himself very accommodating. Perhaps some kind of personal union under his control will be attempted and that would be one of the few types of government that have not yet been attempted. Catalonia, like all of Spain, has a tremendous number of illustrated publications. The newspapers have illustrated supplements and there is no secret of the printer's art that they do not know. Fully ninety per cent of their pictures show church windows and bullfights.

IF one takes a ship from Barcelona to Mallorca one goes south, but the atmosphere does not grow any more southern or any more Spanish. The same thing happens that always does when one moves from one place to another in this astounding country. Everything changes completely. There is, however, this special thing. Mallorca lies between Spain, Italy, and Africa and has been influenced by all of them. At one time or another all nations in recorded history have passed through here and seem to have left their traces behind, from the Goths to the Arabs. The women of the country wear almost Dutch clothes and long black pigtails. Palma has Spanish patios, a Gothic cathedral, and Dutch windmills surrounded by palm trees. On this island one seems to move from Africa to Norway, from Capri to Switzerland, and one finds England here, too, for one of those comic little English Mediterranean colonies with its tea-room, lending library, and divine service has recently taken root in Palma. There are the usual old ladies who live cheap and often drink in secrecy, as well as gentlemen with whom the English climate for various reasons disagrees. The island seems to me destined to figure in many future novels. Perhaps it will become a super-Capri.

In any event, it has for a long time attracted original people to its shores. It was here that George Sand loved poor Chopin and here Archduke Ludwig Salvator erected to his faithful secretary an indescribable marble statue that seems to be dressed in a Jaeger union suit. On my present visit I hear of the eccentrics who are now here from a worthy barkeeper who used to be a waiter in the Café Royal in London and therefore proudly calls his establishment the London Bar, although it is only occupied by three or four natives playing dominoes.

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The pearl of his collection is the lady who occupies the loveliest villa in Palma. She married her butler and has to consume six thermos bottles of mixed drinks every night. She needs six silk bed-covers over her and her age is as fabulous as her temperament. Then there is a young Argentine millionaire who has built a superb, modern, *de luxe* hotel in the most remote corner of the island and has run a copper bridge to a smaller island where a pavilion is standing. He has also laid out a golf course among a lot of rocks simply because he enjoyed doing it. Near this hotel he has built himself a kind of Tiberian palace out of stone and he has announced his intention of building another even more luxurious hotel furnished with antique furniture. Architects, decorators, and, alas, dealers in fake antiquity from Spain love him, and the bartender finds him inclined to dissipation. His mother, to whom he alone defers, has said that it is much more sensible for him to be here than to live at Monte Carlo, where he gambles all his money away.

'And do you know what she is giving him for a Christmas present? A million dollars!' This daughter of colonial Spain seems to be animated by the good old racial spirit, and there is no dearth of new legends coming into being here.

II. Unspoiled Portugal

By Annemarie Jauss

EVER SINCE we went to school we have looked upon Spain and Portugal as almost identical countries. When one visits them, however, tremendous differences at once reveal themselves and one recognizes that the frontier that separates them is essential and just. Even the languages the two nations speak do not sound alike. Many words, of course, are the same, but Portuguese is much softer and has many more *sh*'s and nasal tones. The Spaniards belong to a purer, handsomer race, whereas the many Portuguese types cannot possibly be put under one hat. One feels that Portugal combines all southern and exotic races. Every seafaring nation contains many strains, including the Indian, and Portugal, unlike Spain, has still been able to keep a great number of her colonies. She is the third greatest colonial power in the world, being surpassed only by England and France, and her newspapers often use the expression, '*imperium portuguez.*'

Foreign influences play a vital rôle and English capital in particular has poured into the Portuguese colonies as well as into the mother country. Portugal has been a republic since 1910 and for the last two years has been governed by a dictator. The bodies of the next to the last king, who was murdered in 1908, and of the crown prince can be seen in a church in Lisbon, together with other dead kings. Dressed in dusty, mouldy uniforms, they are lying in glass coffins, and their faces, which were not properly embalmed, look unspeakably revolting.

Portugal has no death penalty, religious orders have been abolished,

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and Church and State separated. Small attention is paid to Sunday, especially in the rural districts, and 'blue Monday' is particularly noticeable. There are, of course, churches in the larger villages and on many of the *quintas*. These are the large farms which have their own chapels where a little bell rings on Sunday, but the stores stay open, people work if they feel like it, and one can wear what one pleases. Black is the correct color here as in Spain. There are perhaps not so many pretty women as in Spain, but in both countries the young girls are very attractive, whereas the older women soon become fat and awkward. Children are petted and spoiled and dressed like dolls.

High society in Lisbon is virtually invisible. The rich people spend only a small part of the year in the city since they either prefer their *quintas*, for Portugal has a great many big estates, or else they like to live in Paris, Biarritz, or San Sebastian. They make all their purchases abroad and for that reason Lisbon has no really luxurious stores. Paris dresses and hats which, of course, can be purchased, are not displayed in the shop windows. All good merchandise is imported. The few industries that the country supports are textiles, ceramics, and cork, great quantities of which are exported both in the rough and in a finished state. The manual laborers are incredibly lazy and it is almost impossible to get anything done properly.

THE good things in Portugal include its port wine, but the best of that comes from abroad. However, the light country wines are excellent. The grapes are squeezed under foot, for all farming is most primitive. After the first squeezing the grapes are again pressed, water is added, and the resulting drink, known as '*agua pe*' ('foot water'), is very popular. Portuguese cooking is rather wild but not utterly bad. It runs to extremes. Everything fat is very fat, everything sweet very sweet, and huge portions are served and devoured. The chief meal, which is eaten in the evening, includes five to seven courses with tea and sweets. Unlike the Spaniards, the Portuguese drink a great deal of green tea and still call it by the unfamiliar Chinese name, '*cha*.' Their coffee they unfortunately like to flavor with chicory, but their best food is fish.

The Lisbon fish market is one of the richest in Europe and one can buy there the finest sea food. Portuguese sardines are known to be the best in the world and it is therefore rather astonishing that the favorite dish of the native is a kind of dried codfish caught off the Newfoundland coast. The common people subsist on a diet of fish, bread, and olive oil, together with a great deal of onions and garlic, although these last two elements are not quite so popular as in Spain. The Portuguese have incredibly simple tastes and for that reason wages are very low. A factory worker gets the equivalent of about two and a half marks a day and a farm worker gets from two marks to two and a half. A servant girl receives but twenty marks a month.

If one attempts to compare the Spaniards and the Portuguese, the Portuguese generally suffer, but in a few respects they are definitely superior. They are just as likable as, but more hospitable than, the Spaniard who says, 'My house is at your dis-

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posal,' but shows great astonishment if you accept his invitation. The Portuguese are witty and their speech is rich in double meanings. Even a person who speaks Portuguese fluently often finds Lisbon slang incomprehensible. As business men the Portuguese are as rapacious as the Greeks, and they are more easy-going, more animated, more approachable than the Spaniards. Animals lead a better life here than in Spain. I have never seen donkeys in Portugal beaten as they are in Spain and the more humane type of bullfight represents the same tendency. The Portuguese do not use old, broken-down nags, but fine horses that the bull cannot gore because his horns are protected. The Portuguese have a great fondness for horses and ride a great deal. The cat, however, is the favorite animal and is never killed no matter what happens. In Lisbon there are thousands of cats and many of them wear collars and little bells.

The favorite dog in elegant society is the white spitz. Nearly all these animals are called Lulu, a name that now has come to signify the whole breed. If one goes out walking with a dachshund everyone stands amazed as if one had a crocodile on a leash. They say: 'It is a German breed or a Dutch. They are very interesting dogs but very ugly.' People in the country have quantities of dogs, less as watch-dogs than as hunters, for the Portuguese are passionately devoted to the chase. The land laws in Portugal allow anyone who has a gun to shoot it wherever he pleases and as often as he pleases so that there is naturally not much game left to hunt. The only surviving animals are little rabbits and they are hardly given time to grow up. Only in the cork forests near the Spanish frontier can any wild boars be found.

Cork trees grow all over Portugal but there are also forests of oak and pine, whereas Spain has only cork forests, which are not real forests at all, as we use the word. Both Spaniards and Portuguese hate cypresses, which only grow in cemeteries. Whenever they appear elsewhere they are at once uprooted. Portugal has the richest variety of flowers in Europe and a park in Cintra belonging to an Englishman is a miracle of subtropical vegetation. Except in the forests everything is dry during the summer, for hardly any rain falls for five months. Only in the autumn do many storms occur and the climate on the whole is mild and healthful and much pleasanter than in Spain. It is never unbearably hot on the seacoast, for the wind is always blowing; indeed, the wind is the greatest obstacle that the farmers have to struggle against. Everywhere one sees bushes and reeds planted to protect the fields from the winds and the famous mountainous vineyards of Collares on the coast are broken up into many little plots surrounded by reeds. It is decreed by law that walls must be built around every field and these structures give the landscape a very characteristic appearance, but they also serve as wind-breaks. Most of them have collapsed and offer the rabbits their only place of refuge.

THE architecture of the houses is very similar to the Spanish, except that the roofs curve in an almost Chinese fashion. Particular importance is attached to the chimneys, that

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assume the loveliest shapes. There are in Portugal many different colored marbles and other handsome stones and the windows and doors of the houses are always surrounded by big stones of this kind. The windows themselves open inward on account of the wind. The rooms of the newer houses are very small because the Portuguese want as many of them as possible, since they live with all their children, nephews, and relations. The biggest room is the kitchen, which has an open fireplace. Every big house has its name displayed on a colored tile. There are also pictures of the saints on tiles, most of them blue and white. As a rule the houses are painted white but sometimes they are colored, the favorite color being a dark brownish red. Cellars and attics do not exist. If one wants to get to the hollow space under the flat roof one puts up a ladder and removes a few bricks. Peasants have no such space over their heads and their windows often consist of merely a glass skylight in the roof.

No great importance is attached to permanence. People take good stone and bad mortar and quickly erect a rough wall. When the house begins to fall apart it is seldom rebuilt; instead, a new one is erected. In many villages numerous ruins of this sort can be seen. Electric light and plumbing have scarcely penetrated the country districts at all. Happily, no suburban villas exist. A *quinta* with its own wine and olive-oil supply is the delight and desire of every Portuguese. Only in the Portuguese Biarritz of Estoril are there any ugly buildings.

Portuguese taste is about thirty years behind the times. The cities have many high buildings but they are not much more solid than those in the country. One sees many houses that still show the effects of the earthquake of 1755, although in Lisbon these signs of devastation have almost disappeared. Lisbon is built on a series of hills. One enters a house, goes up five stories in an elevator, and comes out on the street again. The harbor is one of the finest and best in the world and it costs the Portuguese nothing since it never needs to be dredged. One sees in it not only big South American and little African steamers, but beautiful fishing vessels with pointed bows. The fishermen wear big checkered shirts of brilliant colors and the fishwives wear little hats almost like those of Bavarian peasants, on which they balance their baskets of fish. It has been against the law to go barefoot in Lisbon for some time, but I saw many women wearing only one shoe, apparently in the belief that one is enough to come within the law.

I really believe Lisbon to be the noisiest city in the world. The Portuguese love an uproar. Loudest of all are the automobile horns, and then come the various trumpets. These are blown continually in the railroad stations, and in the country there are horns everywhere. The bread donkey, the meat donkey, the fish donkey, and the postman's donkey are all accompanied by a horn. Then there are the scissors grinders with their melancholy piping. These people come from northern Spain, for the Portuguese consider such an occupation beneath their dignity. As in all southern countries, there are many beggars here and if one does not give them money they say, '*Tenha paciencia*' ('Have mercy').

Lisbon boasts few amusements and has only one elegant night club, the

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'Maxim.' The young men go to Paris or Seville. Except in the pastry shops women appear in public as little as they do in Spain. Strict hours are not kept and everything begins a couple of hours later than it does with us. Offices open at ten, shops at nine and theatres and movies at ten in the evening. Even children are not sent to bed until midnight. Only men visit the cafés, where they talk politics. Here is where revolutions are made. Portuguese music is slow and not so pretty as the Spanish, most of the songs being sentimental and without character.

Elegance can only be found on the beach at Estoril, where there are two casinos. Life there is informal but not dissipated. The men stand about gaping openly but the bathing rules are strict. One must wear a bath robe between the bathing house and the water and up to two years ago women were forbidden to wear one-piece suits. There are no beach games, nobody does gymnastic tricks, and the women are seldom able to swim. The season includes only August and September, because during the other months of the year the Portuguese find the water too cold, although there are Germans who go in bathing the year around. The Portuguese consider the sun dangerous and for that reason the men wear black, pointed hats made of heavy wool all summer and the women, who go without hats all the rest of the year and seldom have short hair, wear kerchiefs over their hair when they are working. Children wear enormous straw hats, but students go without any head covering and wear black coats and big black capes in both summer and winter. These capes must have long fringes but no fastenings.

How does one go to Portugal? The quickest direct route is the expensive South Express from Paris to Lisbon, but a first-class sea voyage is better. If one has time the best way is to go from Paris to Madrid and see Spain *en route*. The railroad is not expensive and the new cars are comfortable. Portugal has comparatively few railroad wrecks. This may be due to the fact that most of the lines are single-track and there is not much traffic on them. Almost all the station attendants are women. Before entering Lisbon all trains have to go through the same long tunnel for about five minutes, which is a miserable business in summer since one emerges covered with soot and sweat.

Automobiling is no simple business in Portugal. The Portuguese are clever but careless drivers. The streets in Coimbra, Oporto, Seville, Estoril, and Cintra are almost all very bad, quite unlike the marvelous roads in Spain. The road from Lisbon to Oporto is often so narrow in the villages that two automobiles cannot pass. The state has found it most advantageous to farm out the construction of its various roads and the result is that these roads do not last long. But the automobile is the most comfortable way of getting to know the country. One can spend the night only in cities as even in the larger villages the inns are mere annexes to some shop. No one could call traveling in Portugal comfortable but at the same time one experiences the unusual pleasure of being in a country that is not overrun with tourists. The natives are not accustomed to foreign visitors and one thus has a real opportunity to make fresh discoveries.

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Following the precedent of Thomas De Quincey, one of the younger and smarter French novelists tells how it feels to make and break a taste for opium.

In Praise of OPIUM

By JEAN COCTEAU

Translated from the *Nouvelle Revue Française*
Paris Literary Semimonthly

I AM WRITING these lines after twelve sleepless days and nights of the torture inflicted by medical impotence on those who would discard a remedy grown despotic. The blood of the morphine addict presents no trace of morphine and it is indeed a seductive fancy to imagine the day when doctors will discover the place where morphine hides itself, when they will be able to attract it into the open by injecting some substance that it devours just as a snake devours milk. But it will be more necessary still to lull the human body without weakening it so that it can support the sudden transformation that it undergoes when one feels as if autumn had suddenly turned into spring.

I believe that nature inflicts on us rules as strict as those that prevailed in ancient Sparta or that exist in any ant-hill. Must we distort them? Where do our prerogatives end? Where does the forbidden zone begin? Our blindness, our obstinate persistence in judging everything by our own rhythm used to make us think that the slow growth of plants indicated a ridiculous degree of serenity. Nothing better illustrates the fallacy of this idea than those accelerated moving pictures which reveal the grimaces, gestures, and contortions of the vegetable kingdom. Similar processes in the domain of hearing will no doubt permit us to listen to the cries that a plant utters.

In opium, the thing that leads the organism to death is of a euphoric order. The tortures one suffers are the result of a return to life that goes against the grain. I advise anyone who has been deprived of the drug for eight days to bury his head in his hands, to press his ear against his arm, and to listen to what goes on. Collapse, commotion, images of leaping buildings, routed armies, floods—

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he hears a veritable apocalypse of the starlit night of the human body. The return of sensuality, which is the first clear symptom of sobering up, is accompanied by sneezes, yawns, running at the nose, and tears. Another sign I noticed was that the poultry in the chicken yard across the way exasperated me, as did the pigeons walking up and down on the zinc roof with their hands behind their backs. But by the seventh day the cock crow pleased me. I am writing these notes between six and eight in the morning. With opium nothing exists before eleven o'clock.

Certain organisms are born to become the prey of drugs. They seek a corrective without which they can make no contact with the external world. They float about, vacillating between a doglike and a wolflike condition. The world remains a phantom until certain substances give it body, like bismuth under the X-ray. Sometimes these unfortunates go on living without ever finding the least remedy; sometimes also the remedy that they find kills them. There is, however, the chance that opium will give them balance and equip their souls of cork with diving costumes. For the harm opium does will be less than the harm that other substances may do and less severe than the infirmity they try to remedy.

I REMAIN convinced, in spite of my own defeats, that opium can be a good thing and that it is simply up to us to make it harmless. We must know how to use it, though at present nothing equals our awkwardness in this respect. A severe régime with laxatives, exercise, liver hygiene, and hours that do not encroach on one's sleep at night would permit the use of a remedy abused by idiots. Let no one tell me that custom forces the smoker to increase his doses. One of the enigmas of opium is that it permits the wise smoker never to use more.

People are always talking about the slavery of opium, but the regulation of hours it imposes is not only a discipline; it is even a liberation, a liberation from visits, from circles of seated people. The hedonist finds something very droll about a seated person, about the intrigues he pursues and his general bearing. Let me add that opium is the direct opposite of the kind of drug one takes with a syringe. It is reassuring. It reassures through its luxury, its rites, through the elegance of its lamps, the furnishings, the pipes, the whole ritual that is involved in the use of such an exquisite poison.

My friend —— complains to me, 'Either one lives or one commits suicide. Half measures are impossible except for women.' Opium is not suicide; it is a decision one makes. Our only error is to want to smoke and to share the privileges of those who do not smoke. Rarely does a smoker quit opium, and when opium quits him it ruins everything. It is a substance that defies analysis. It is alive, capricious, capable of suddenly turning against the smoker. It is a barometer of a sickly sensibility. In damp weather the pipes turn poisonous. When the smoker goes to the seashore the drug refuses to light. The approach of snow, of a storm, or of a typhoon makes it ineffective. Certain loquacious individuals remove by their presence all its virtues. In short, there is no mistress more exigent than this drug,

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whose jealousy goes so far as to emasculate the smoker.

Let us profit from insomnia to attempt the impossible: a description of the need. Byron said, 'Love cannot resist seasickness.' Like love and seasickness, the need for opium penetrates everywhere. Resistance is useless. First a *malaise*. Then things get worse. Imagine the cries of thousands of children whose nurses do not return to suckle them. Or imagine amorous anxiety translated into the senses, an absent yet dominating personality, a negative despotism. Then the phenomena grow more definite. Electric shocks, tingling veins, chills, cramps, sweat at the roots of one's hair, a thick taste in one's mouth, a running of the nose, tears. Do not resist; courage is useless. If you delay too long you will not be able to take out your smoking material and load your pipe. Smoke. The body did not await anything but this refreshment. One pipe is enough.

IT IS easy to say that opium halts life and makes it numb, that the sense of well-being it stimulates is a kind of death. Yet without opium I shiver, I have colds, I don't feel hungry, I am impatient to impose my inventions on others. When I smoke I feel warm, I have no colds, I have a good appetite, my impatience disappears. Doctors, meditate upon this enigma. 'Scholars are not curious,' Anatole France said. He was right.

Opium is the fatal woman. The attendants in the clinics call her 'the wench.' She suggests pagodas and lanterns. I lack the authority to disabuse you of this idea. Since science cannot separate the curative and destructive principles of opium, I must stand aside. Never have I regretted more profoundly not having been both a poet and a doctor like Apollo. Opium is the heritage of centuries. Helen knew receipts that are now as lost as the mystery of the Great Pyramid. From time to time other receipts were discovered. Ronsard tried the poppy in all its forms and tells about it in a surprising poem. He had a Helen of his own but did not know how to use the poppy.

I am not a cured man who is proud of his effort. I am ashamed of having been expelled from that supernatural world compared to which health seems like those ignoble news reels of politicians unveiling statues. It is hard to know, after several failures, that one is cured of the drug; it is hard to know that the magic carpet exists but that one will never fly on it again. It was pleasant to buy it, as in Bagdad in the days of the caliphs, of a Chinaman on some sordid street hung with laundry It was pleasant to hurry back with it to one's hotel, to the room where George Sand and Chopin lived, to unroll it, to stretch one's self out, to open the window, and depart. Too pleasant, no doubt.

The smoker becomes one with the objects about him. A finger drops off his hand; it is his cigarette. The smoker is surrounded by precipices. It is impossible to maintain one's spirit permanently at such a high point. It is eleven o'clock in the evening. One smokes five minutes, looks at one's watch. It is five in the morning. Picasso said to me, 'The odor of opium is the least unpleasant odor in the world.' The only odors that compare with it are the odors of a circus or of a seaport.

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Raw opium. If you do not shut it tight in a metal container, but merely put it in a box, the black serpent will soon manage to wriggle out. Be warned. It glides along walls, goes down stairs, doubles on its tracks, opens doors, traverses the vestibule, and presently twines itself around the neck of the policeman on the beat.

No matter how individualistic a masterpiece may be, no matter how solitary, aristocratic, reserved, and even monstrous, it remains, none the less, social, capable of touching other people, able to enrich the masses spiritually and materially. But the hedonist feels no need to express himself, to get in touch with the exterior world. He does not try to create masterpieces; he tries to become one himself, the most unknown of any, the most egotistical. To say that a smoker in a continuous dream state is degrading himself is to say that marble deteriorates in the hands of Michelangelo, that Raphael smirches the canvas, that Shakespeare dirties the paper on which he writes, that Bach breaks a silence. Nothing is less impure than this masterpiece—an opium smoker. Nothing is more natural than that society, which demands participation, should condemn him.

A completely sobered smoker who smokes again does not experience the sickness he felt during his first intoxication. Quite apart from the alkaloids and the habit itself, there exists a spirit of opium, an impalpable habit that continues in spite of the recreated physical organism. This must not be taken as the regretful expression of a smoker who has again become normal, although this regret forms part of the appeal of opium. The drug leaves a ghost behind. It haunts the house.

All animals are charmed by opium. Colonial smokers know the danger of its enticements to deer and reptiles, and here in France flies group themselves around the plate of opium, dreaming. Salamanders stand about the lamp, their feet like little mittens, waiting for the hour to come. Mice approach audaciously and nibble the ashes. To say nothing of dogs and monkeys, who become as intoxicated as their masters.

THE Annamites in Marseille smoke with an equipment of their own to put the police off the scent. It consists of a gas pipe, a simple benedictine bottle with a hole in it, a hat pin, and so forth, and cockroaches and spiders form an ecstatic circle about them.

There are a certain number of superior catchwords used by people who pretend to be in the know. 'But the young Annamites do not smoke.' 'In Indo-China people don't smoke.' 'Only in books do people smoke on board ship.' When I hear these statements I close my eyes and see again the sleeping quarters of the boys on the steamship ——, one of the biggest vessels on the Marseille-Saïgon line. The boat was waiting to depart. The purser, a friend of mine and an opium smoker, suggested the adventure. At eleven o'clock in the evening we traversed deserted docks and climbed up the ladder to the bridge of the boat. We had been following our guide at top speed in order to avoid any patrols. We scrambled over cables, twisted our way among columns and Greek temples, crossed foyers and wandered through labyrinths of machinery both in the shadow and in the

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moonlight. We got mixed up in hatchways and corridors until our poor guide began to lose his head, but finally the gentle, singular smell put us on the right track. Imagine four or five dormitories like a series of enormous sleeping cars, with sixty boys on two layers of planks smoking. In each dormitory a long table occupies the open space in the middle. Standing on these tables, bisected by a flat, motionless cloud of smoke, the late arrivals are undressing and stretching out strings on which to hang their linen, gently rubbing one shoulder as they do so.

The scene is lit by night lamps over which the drug is crackling. Bodies overlap each other and we occasion no surprise or any ill feeling when we squeeze into a place where there is really only room for one person and sit down with our feet out in front of us and the napes of our necks leaning against stools. The commotion we cause does not even inconvenience a boy who is sleeping with his head against mine. A nightmare convulses him. He has fallen into the depths of slumber and seems to be suffocated with sleep, which enters his open mouth, his big nostrils, and even his ears. His bloated figure, coiled up like an angry fist, is perspiring. He turns, and as he does so tears the silk rags which cover him. It seems as if a stroke of the surgeon's knife would deliver him and exorcise his nightmare.

The faces that he makes form an extraordinary contrast with the calm of all the other people, a vegetable kind of calm that reminds me of something familiar. What is it? The twisted bodies on the planks, with their bones visible beneath their pale skins, look like the delicate armature of some dream. I have it. These young smokers remind me of olive trees. Tortuous olive trees growing in flat red ground with a silver mist floating above them.

As a child I used to believe that a red balloon on the end of a string was as good as a cane in helping old people to walk. In this place I was not far from believing that so much profound lightness would alone be able to keep our monumental ship afloat.

I wanted to take notes during my treatment in the clinic and especially to watch how I would keep contradicting myself as the treatment advanced. I felt that it was important to talk freely about opium in a literary way and without medical knowledge. Specialists seem to be ignorant of the world of difference between opium addicts and the victims of other drugs. I might also add that a sick man who 'talks,' as my doctor expresses it, might be of great assistance. I do not try to defend opium. I merely try to see clearly through the darkness, to keep my feet on the ground, to look in the face problems that we have always looked at in profile. I suppose that the younger school of medicine is beginning to free itself from the yoke, to revolt against ridiculous prejudices, to follow the trend of the times. It is a strange thing that our physical security accepts doctors who correspond to artists whom our moral security would refuse. Imagine being treated by a Zeim, a Henner, a Jean Aicard! Will the young men discover an active method of disintoxication (the present method remains passive) or a régime that will permit us to enjoy the benefits of the poppy?

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BOOKS ABROAD

UNMÖGLICHE MENSCHEN. *By Bela Balazs. Frankfurt-am-Main: Rütten & Loening. 1930.*

(Maurice Muret in *Journal des Débats*, Paris)

BELA BALAZS, an author who is still young and who bears a Hungarian name though he writes in German, has recently published a novel called *Impossible People* which has been very favorably received. Its preface is written by Thomas Mann, who is certainly a good judge and who, having gone over himself to the new principles and ideas of post-war Germany, has not hesitated to sing the praises of this frankly revolutionary book.

Who are these 'impossible people' censured by M. Bela Balazs in the title of his book? They are the pre-war bourgeois, and particularly the kind called intellectual—romanticists dallying on the threshold of an epoch where romanticism has ceased to have a meaning and is only an insult to the great anti-individualist movement which is bearing the 'best minds' of to-day, and breathless humanity with them, toward a new and, it is said, better destiny. I hasten to add that it is M. Bela Balazs who says this and who considers the era on which we are now entering superior to the preceding one.

The unfortunates who lived before 1914—*brevis humani longum ætatis spatium*—would not all of them share this author's confidence and optimism. I admit freely that pre-war men and women had their faults and even their follies, but has not M. Balazs given us a caricature rather than a portrait of that generation? I am inclined to think so and I firmly believe that posterity will be more indulgent toward our age than this cold satirist who sneeringly shows us, as if in a crooked mirror, a collection of degenerates, failures, Bohemians, and neurotics, and invites us to recognize these 'impossible people' as ourselves. His book is none the less picturesque, amusing, and perhaps indicative of a state of mind fairly widespread in German-speaking countries, particularly among the élite of the artistic and literary world. For the essentially Germanic culture of the Hungarian writer, Bela Balazs, is clearly displayed in this story whose action takes place in Hungary.

Not without reason has the author chosen the Magyar plain as the background for these puppets whom he considers so representative of their epoch. According to M. Balazs, the intellectuals of 1914 were dominated by mean passions, confused aspirations, and emptiness of soul. Now the Hungarian plain, open to all the winds of the Orient and unfortified by those bastions created by Occidental genius for its own protection, encouraged every disordered fancy. These characters speak of the soul (what a pity!) 'as if the soul really existed,' as if it could lay some claim to reason, as if it possessed some more or less respectable rights. What a joke! As an epigraph to this strange idea M. Balazs gives a phrase supposedly taken from a wireless message from New York to Moscow: '"Yet all this manœuvring with the soul was

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strangely beautiful"—Soul? What did human beings mean by that?' Must we really foresee a time in the more or less near future when the influence of New York and Moscow will have so swept away the peculiar tradition of Europe, including Hungary, that Europeans will have even forgotten that their ancestors had souls?

We must not forget that M. Balazs is a novelist, a poet. I should be much surprised if he is not sometimes trying to mystify us with his obscure and gloomy allegories. From all the signs, M. Balazs is enjoying himself, even though he does not always greatly entertain his readers. And doubtless he has overemphasized his theme that it may resound more strongly in our surprised ears. However, his virtuosity is worthy of praise and, even if we make reservations as to the historic truth of the picture of society he has given us, there is no doubt as to the originality of the picture.

The typical couple that M. Balazs puts in the centre of his picture and showers with sarcasm is naturally adulterous, for adultery is now considered a literary specialty of pre-war days. The couple created by M. Balazs consists of a musician named Johannes Szegedi and Clara Lorx, an hysterical little bourgeois who is unhappily married and consumed with vague desires like Emma Bovary. Clara Lorx is an Emma Bovary who would have read Ibsen and taken him more seriously than Ibsen ever took himself. Clara's husband, who is a psychiatric case, explains his wife's infidelity by the fact that she 'is lacking in a sense of reality.' Here lies one of M. Balazs's own most bitter grievances against that generation which had reached, before 1914, what was wrongly called the age of reason. But that generation was disoriented and lost. It had come to take pleasure in dissipation and intrigue. The best men of that day, being idealists, were the quickest to fall into all the traps that cruel life spread beneath their feet.

Szegedi admits frankly to Clara, after having met her just in the nick of time: 'I was unfit for art, Clara. I am a man utterly unfit. And, truly, I no longer knew what to do when you appeared.' Moreover, Johannes has a soul, a pre-war soul, and it is because he has discovered his soul to have morbid affinities with Clara's that he starts to follow in her wake. 'Was not the soul,' he asks one of his contemporaries, more realistic and consequently closer to the present than himself, 'was it not given man to use as a tentacle, that he might feel out all things? That he might discover what suits him and can sustain him within? Should not the soul try all things that it may find its true way?' This convenient theory irritates Johannes Szegedi's adversary. 'It is exasperating,' he cries, 'your theory of a soul one must obey at whatever cost. The soul is not a guide; it is only a seductress. Be your own guide, young man, be your own guide; that is what is necessary if one wishes to get anywhere.' M. Balazs and his mouthpieces seem to believe sincerely that post-war humanity knows better than pre-war humanity what it wants and whither it is tending. Thus they crush with their superiority those punchinellos and puppets who let themselves be led blindly by their passions.

THE rumor spreads that Doctor Lorx has killed himself in despair at

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having been deserted by his wife, and Clara, the immediate cause of the suicide, asks Johannes Szegedi, who is tremendously depressed, this question: 'Did you only come to me because you thought that excessive consequences of this kind were not possible? Would you otherwise not have come with me?' Johannes having been so imprudent as to let her think that his rival's suicide really troubles him somewhat, Clara rudely declares: 'In that case, Johannes, I bid you farewell! It is not appointed that we should remain together.' Is it possible to read this scene without thinking of those conflicts of conscience so often described in the plays of Henrik Ibsen? Do not Clara Lorx's scruples make one think of Nora Helmer's? Does it not seem like a parody of the tragic last act of *A Doll's House?*

It turns out that Lorx's suicide was feigned and Clara returns to Szegedi. He takes her back, only to leave her and then come back to her again. It is an astonishing *remue-ménage*, and *remue-ménage* is certainly the right word. Other episodes, no less sentimental and no less dramatic, all conduce to the same aim of setting in relief everything supposedly absurd, conventional, and empty in the sentimental complications in which these characters of an epoch still close to our own delighted. To recall these hopelessly subjective beings to a feeling for reality, to turn them into individuals endowed with a social conscience and a sane idea of things requires a terrible moral shake-up. It is the War, the War with all its horrors, which turns these 'negative revolutionaries,' as M. Balazs calls them, into active, conscious rebels, creators of the new society.

Johannes finally finds his 'road to Damascus' on the edge of a Hungarian lake where a crazy young girl has just drowned herself through love, while a strike of agricultural workers is taking place and the Budapest government is fomenting war against the Serbs. An old school teacher, a mysterious person, considered mad by his fellow citizens because he is too wise, tells Johannes Szegedi of the tragedy that is coming and of the new world that will emerge from it. The aged prophet lets Johannes Szegedi tell him the melancholy story of his life, then speaks to him thus: 'You think you have told me merely a pathetic tale of love. You are wrong. In the flimsiest love story the whole economy of the social order can be discerned, as if through spectral analysis. When the whole is rotten, the least part proclaims it. You are rebels, you people, negative rebels, *émigrés*. You are neither able nor willing to live in this bourgeois society, but instead of fighting it you have merely detached yourselves from it. You aspire to reality, living reality, yet you are seeking an uprooted soul that never appears except where reality has lost its title.'

But the day of amorous subtleties and refinements of passion is past. The great conflict of the nations, the conflict in which incompetent leaders involved too passive peoples, shows Johannes Szegedi and Clara Lorx the way to follow. They give themselves over whole-heartedly to revolutionary propaganda; so thoroughly, in fact, that the police take umbrage at their subversive activity and throw them into a bourgeois prison, which they enter with a delight that amorous ecstasy never gave them. And M. Bela Balazs applauds the valor of his

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protagonists, now at last become heroes worthy of the name. His enthusiasm is such that he feels it necessary to print in italics the personal sentiments with which their sacrifice inspires him: 'Those who fell on the barricades,' he writes, 'did not belong to the category of proletarians fighting for their daily bread. There is still another hunger in bourgeois society.' M. Balazs appears to believe that his own generation will be able to sate this spiritual hunger, but we can not share his confidence entirely, despite the ingenuity with which he presents his thesis.

FRANCE. A STUDY IN NATIONALITY. *By André Siegfried. London: Humphrey Milford. 1930. 9s.*

(*New Statesman*, London)

WE HAVE grown accustomed to hearing that the French are an adult race; we have even from time to time had suggestions that their economic system is very much older than our own; we are less prepared to hear that the French economic system is the sounder and better one. Yet this is in effect the statement made by M. Siegfried in this book. According to him the new theory of life as we see it practised in a country like America has resulted in the victory of quantity over quality, of the gang or the machine over the individual.

France, essentially built up of peasants, artisans, and bourgeois, has remained almost uncorrupted, so far. The inherent desire of the small holder for independence has resisted the growth of the 'combine.' While in Germany, England, and America the theory of coöperation has become an end, and the state has gone beyond politics to regulate the private life of the citizen, in France the liberty of the individual is still resolutely maintained. Whereas in the former countries civilization is based upon the machine, which, after all, is only a trick, in France it is still based, to a great extent, upon 'pride in work, and the religion of the task well done.' Although they may be far from the land, the French continue to feel and react like peasants. 'Big business, generally, remains a closed book to the Frenchman, who is still as eager as he was in the Middle Ages to create a masterpiece and still old-fashioned enough to linger over a fine bit of work.' Self-help as opposed to coöperation, quality as opposed to quantity, are still the chief points in the economic faith of France. Recollect, at the same time, that out of 8,591,000 farmers in France 5,000,000 are their own masters, and we begin to realize that the recuperative power so often attributed to the French is not so much a power of recovery as a power in the first place to withstand shocks which frequently paralyze other nations. A civilization which is still based upon self-help and crafts, which is still mainly agricultural, in a country essentially self-supporting, preserves its foundations unshaken through political revolution and the bankruptcy of the state.

This old civilization, which like the Chinese shows 'the indestructible vitality of old people who have passed the age of illness' and has refused to acknowledge efficiency as a fair price for liberty, is now more seriously threatened than ever by the principles which dominate the new world. 'If,' says M. Siegfried, 'the individual is to perish in the effort for collective production, France also will perish. But

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if it is written that the individual will reappear triumphant, France also will rise eternal.'

That is the final argument of a very interesting and stimulating book.

SIDO. *By Colette. Paris: Ferenczi. 1930.*

(Auguste Bailly in *Candide*, Paris)

COLETTE has doubtless written more brilliant books, books of a keener or more original inspiration; but no book she has written is more pure, more human, more moving than *Sido*—none gives such an impression of complete perfection, through an astonishing accord of form and matter, and through the charm of a most rich, substantial, and personal style. I should not be surprised if in the future *Sido* were considered her masterpiece; it is, unquestionably, in my opinion.

Before speaking of the book's subject-matter, I should like to try to give some impression of the extraordinarily poetic and musical quality of the author's language. No analysis or comment can take the place of a few quotations. If one studies the following lines attentively one recognizes that quality so rare among all writers, and rarer still among those who possess all the technique of their art—the absence of padding and of what I like to call 'literary stuffing.' Each word is useful; each possesses its full weight of meaning, imagery, suggestion.

> Alert, watchful, drowsy, with the lovely eyes of a gypsy under her curly hair, she wandered about with a sort of rustic lyricism, the daily exigence of the nomad. Her house resembled her in its disorder, and in that grace which polished places and people never have. To flee the damp, funereal shadows and stifling verdure of her garden, the roses and wistaria scaled the yew trees and won to the sun through arduous climbing and through an expanse of energy that stretched out the parent stems, reducing them to the nudity of reptiles. Among the long sprays of wistaria and the purple begonias, victorious enemies of the exhausted clematis, a thousand refugee roses flourished out of reach among the tree tops. . . .

We have here memories of Colette's childhood, or, to be more exact, memories, transposed by maturity, of her mother, her father, and all her people. They are portraits that take their value, anecdotally, from the character of their originals and, subjectively, from the color given them in the mind of the narrator. Both Sido and her husband, the captain, present us with psychological features distinct in themselves, which, united and blended, form the artistic armature of Colette herself: 'Paternal enthusiasm, maternal spontaneity and humor, superimposed—I am wise enough, proud enough at present to assign them their fair share in me, happy at a heritage containing nothing and nobody that makes me blush.'

It is from Sido, her mother, that Colette draws her love and understanding of nature and of living creatures. Or should one speak of love and understanding? It is rather adhesion, fusion, immediate and complete communion; her personality seems not to intervene at all between the sensation and the terms she uses to express it. If nature could speak to us herself, she would speak thus. Colette retains vivid memories of her mother and is surprised that she knew her father less well, having discovered only to-day what he was like. His was a more reserved temperament, masked in that sentimental modesty that often paralyzes in their daily affairs men who seem bluff, indifferent, or *distrait*. He

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would contemplate Sido and she, for her part, would content herself with certain large, cumbrous truths: he loved her without stint, and ruined her while thinking to enrich her; she loved him with an unwavering love, treated him lightly in the ordinary course of affairs, but respected all his decisions. He was poorly understood, misunderstood, Colette tells us. People thought him gay because he sang. It was not gaiety but pride and an instinctive refusal of all pity. He feigned lightness of heart because he wished to hide his pain. How could children have guessed that?

At twenty-nine Captain Colette, of the First Zouaves, had lost a leg in the battle of Melegnano, and there is a certain grandeur in this distress of a crippled soldier forced to live in retirement, awkward in expressing his love, timid with his children. He nevertheless confessed to his youngest daughter—the present narrator—his literary ambitions, asking her at the age of ten to judge his works. They included vast pieces of oratorical prose, and pompous, blustering verse. Of an already sure taste, the child was not taken in by this verbal chaos. She criticized it severely: 'Always too many adjectives!' she told him. We learn from opposites as well as from direct examples. May we not then believe that the imperfections of her father's style, so keenly perceived by the child, gave her the key to the perfection which she herself has achieved?

Every portrait is shaded and given profundity with marvelous art. Thus I can express a preference for no one of them and I admire equally all those pages in which Colette recalls the setting of these various existences—the little city, the gardens, the country, and, above all, the changing seasons: 'There were great winters in those days, and burning summers. Since then I have known summers whose color, if I close my eyes, is that of yellow earth, but no summers save those of my childhood are memorable for scarlet geraniums and blazing foxglove stems.' I could cite twenty pages of this quality, this atmosphere, this rhythm; and they would represent only one aspect of this profound and perfect work.

ANGEL PAVEMENT. *By J. B. Priestley. London: William Heinemann. 1930. 10s. 6d. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1930. $3.00.*

(Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*, London)

SOMEWHERE in the City you will probably be able to find 'Angel Pavement,' a little dusty and drab, perhaps—unless those who deal in steel bars and concrete floors and things of that kind have dared to 'improve' it—but snugly aloof and not without such amenities as a public house and a tobacconist's shop which sells, or pretends to sell, its own mixture. And here, until a year or two ago, if we are to believe Mr. Priestley, and his word, I feel, is to be trusted, the firm of Twigg and Dersingham, timber merchants, were carrying on business in their small and respectable way.

Mr. Dersingham himself may not have been the best kind of business man, and his traveler was not really very good at his job, but the firm supported Mr. Smeeth as cashier, and young Mr. Turgis as clerk, and Miss Lilian Matfield as lady typist, and Starky as office boy; and, if it had not been for Mr. Golspie, it would prob-

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ably have continued its unprosperous but dependable career until doomsday, or, rather, until all such businesses have been swept willy nilly into the rationalized jaws of Amalgamated Woods, Limited, or some such monstrous corporation.

But Mr. Golspie—a strange, though understandable figure—came from a Baltic port with important concessions, and he made things hum in Angel Pavement for a while, and so gave Mr. Priestley a story to tell. It is not a startlingly unusual story—merely an account of the break-up of a firm which is not following the times—but it is the kind of story round about which the best kind of Priestleian embroidery can be most suitably draped. Without Mr. Golspie's intrusion we should have had a series of admirable vignettes; with it we have five or six very delicate studies coalescing into one most vivid panorama of London life.

So the coming of Mr. Golspie gives Mr. Smeeth that little 'rise' for which he has been so patiently waiting, and yet helps the poor man not at all. So the shy and not wholly attractive Turgis, whose dreams are exclusively concerned with young women, is allowed to have his Arabian nights—though Miss Golspie is not the best type of houri—and Miss Matfield her glimpse of romance. And it is as though you yourself had been working for long years in Angel Pavement with these people and only now, with Mr. Priestley's assistance, realizing what manner of folk they really are.

It is, in fact, a wholly lovable book, and a worthy successor to *The Good Companions*. Small blemishes there may be, but you do not notice them, for Mr. Priestley (here seen in many moods, but always entertaining) lifts the veil from a bit of the real London, outwardly very ordinary, but actually nursing a thousand strange dramas. It is a very memorable achievement.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL. *By Thomas Wolfe. London: William Heinemann. 1930. 10s. 6d. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. $2.50.*

(Gerald Gould in the *Observer*, London)

A VOICE, sleep-strange and loud, forever far-near, spoke.

Eugene!

Spoke, ceased, continued without speaking, to speak. In him spoke. Where darkness, son, is light. Try, boy, the word you know remember. In the beginning was the Logos. Over the border the borderless green-forested land. Yesterday, remember?

That is the way in which Mr. Thomas Wolfe writes at his most ecstatic! I can see no reason why anybody should abstain from writing like that if he wants to write like that; I can see no reason why anybody should read the result. A voice, sleep-strange indeed, and very loud, but forever fast-loose, spoke, never ceased for six hundred pages, continued, without saying anything, to speak. In wheels, spokes. Where light ought to be, son, is darkness.

I cannot form the remotest conception of what *Look Homeward, Angel* is about, though I have been humbly gnawing at it for weeks, and have read many passages many times. There is an untidy American family, which, for the six hundred pages already mentioned, manages to continue in a state of almost unbroken excitement about everything and

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nothing. To scream, to leap, to whine, to roar, is for these persons the work of an odd moment; and all their moments are extremely odd. Eugene is the hero, and is perhaps by a shade more violently silly than the others; we are taken through his childhood and adolescence, I know not why. Commended by his employer for diligence, he behaves as follows:—

> As the wind yelled through the dark, he burst into maniacal laughter. He leaped high into the air with a scream of insane exultancy, burred in his throat idiot animal squeals, and shot his papers terrifically into the flimsy boarding of the shacks.

An exacting life! Scarcely less wearing is the discovery of poetry. Most sensitive and intelligent children discover poetry sooner or later, and are thrilled by it, and make a song about song; but to Eugene it has to come via a lady who, though not of his family, seems to be quite as idiotic as if she were:—

> . . . she saw the unholy fires that cast their sword dance on his face, she saw the hunger and the pain, and she fed him—majestic crime!—on poetry.
>
> Whatever of fear or shame locked them in careful silence, whatever decorous pretense of custom guarded their tongues, they found release in the eloquent symbols of verse. And, by that sign, Margaret was lost to the good angels. For what care the ambassadors of Satan for all the small fidelities of the letter and the word, if from the singing choir of earthly methodism we can steal a single heart —lift up, flame-tipped, one great lost soul to the high sinfulness of poetry?

But why poetry is sinful, or why sinfulness is high, or why the souls are lost, or who lost them, or why they are tipped with flame, or with anything, and whether indeed it *is* the great lost soul that is tipped, and why we should tip it, and whether it would be a 'majestic crime' to talk sense instead of tosh, I know no more than Mr. Wolfe appears to know himself. I must therefore hurry on to sex, which fills no small portion of the book. 'Fluescent with smooth, ripe curves, the drawling virgins of the South filled summer porches.' Not all of the curved are virginal, nor do we always linger in the porch. Eugene's affairs of the flesh and the heart seem as inconsequent as the rest of his adventures. Jilted by a girl whom he has loved romantically, and taunted by his amiable acquaintances, he tries to do the Samson act to a boarding house, exclaiming: 'I will kill you, House. Vile and accursed House, I will tear you down. I will bring you down upon the whores and boarders.' His emotions, naturally, are not always so pure, but his language is always as noble. To his family he addresses the observations: 'I give thanks for every dirty lust and hunger that crawled through the polluted blood of my noble ancestors. . . . The first move I ever made, after the cradle, was to crawl for the door, and every move I have made since has been an effort to escape.' (O boy, look homeward, angel!) At college, his experiences continue to be up to sample:—

> Most of us think we're hell, thought Eugene. I do. I think I'm hell. Then, in the dark campus path, he heard the young men talking in their rooms, and he gouged at his face bloodily, with a snarl of hate against himself.
>
> I think I am hell, and they say I stink because I have not had a bath. But I could not stink, even if I never had a bath. Only the others stink. My dirtiness is better than their cleanliness.

Well, well! This is the modern way!

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Paramount's Paris Studio

ONE OF THE most important steps taken by the motion-picture industry in the past year has been the establishment of the Paramount Studios at Joinville, near Paris, for the production of talkie films in different European languages. Within six months large, up-to-date studios covering five acres have been built and the organization is already well launched on its schedule of ninety full-length films and more than fifty short ones to be produced during the present year. At a time when many foreign critics are indulging in wholesale condemnation of American business methods, one might expect this invasion of American capital and mass production by the Paramount-Publix Corporation to be viewed somewhat skeptically in France, so that an article in *Comœdia* praising the efficiency of this new organization provides a pleasant surprise:—

'Here is a formidable accomplishment, even for an industry accustomed to progressing by giant's strides—the purchase, construction, and equipment of studios representing an outlay of over fifty million francs; the mobilization of a permanent personnel of more than two hundred and fifty employees from the four corners of the earth; the recruiting of actors from a dozen European countries; and, even before the last studio was finished, the production of 51 "short subjects," as well as a dozen feature films in French, Spanish, Italian, German, Swedish, Polish, Dutch, Hungarian, and Russian, with Czech and Portuguese films already under way.

'When one considers that before the advent of the sound movie the largest and most important studios in Hollywood never turned out more than seventy silent films a year, it is clear that a programme which calls for the production of ninety "features" at Joinville during the current year constitutes the best criterion of the results obtained by this new offspring of Paramount.'

Mr. Robert T. Kane, who is now managing the Joinville studios as the European director general of production for Paramount, was the first to see the possibilities inherent in the centralized production of foreign talkies abroad. A man of extensive motion-picture experience and a former production manager of the Paramount Corporation, Mr. Kane sailed for Europe last fall with the intention of discovering a suitable centre for the production of talking films in all languages. Picking Paris as the most suitable spot, he immediately set to work equipping studios and installing apparatus, while others were still busy discussing whether talking films would be successful. Telegrams, cables, and telephone messages flashed over Europe as he collected engineers, directors, actors, equipment.

He rented studios in Paris and Joinville and started producing short subjects as soon as possible. For his first feature film he chose *A Hole in the Wall*, by Yves Mirande, which was produced successfully in French, Spanish, and Swedish.

At this point Paramount entered into the picture. Mr. Adolph Zukor and Mr. Jesse L. Lasky, president and vice president of Paramount, took a trip to Europe, and before their return the necessary steps were taken to turn Mr. Kane's organization into 'The Paramount Studios,' with Kane as Paramount's European production manager. The latter now controls films produced in the principal languages of the Old World and destined to be distributed not only all over Europe but in Canada, the United States, Central and South America, where millions of expatriated Europeans have already evinced the keenest enthusiasm over them.

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One of the most interesting features of the new Joinville studios is their international character. A condition essential to the success of a talking film destined for any given country is that it be performed by actors native to that country in their own language. And this likewise involves having directors, electricians, camera men, etc., of that nationality. Since films in several different tongues are being produced at the same time, the result is a regular tower of Babel, with perhaps ten or twelve languages being spoken on all sides.

Equipment, too, is recruited from a great variety of countries, each piece of apparatus being supplied by that nation which makes it best. And the stockholders of the organization are drawn from nineteen different lands.

Comœdia gives the following account of the various steps involved in the production of a talking film:—

'It is most interesting to follow the production of a talking film in some European language at the Paramount Studios. Let us take Swedish, for instance. As soon as the subject is chosen, the scenario department plans the continuity and Swedish dialogue. Then the personnel department busies itself finding actors suited to the different rôles and settles all the questions connected with transporting them in a body from Stockholm to Paris. All these steps must be taken with great exactness, so that work can begin at the studio promptly at the specified time.

'As soon as the actors have arrived, the costumers and designers start preparing costumes and scenery, and rehearsals commence. When the costumes and scenery are ready and the actors know their parts, the camera men take their places on the platform, along with the carpenters, electricians, property men, script girls, stage managers, sound engineers, and mechanics, who all appear and disappear according to the need of the moment. Only then does the real filming and sound-recording begin.'

Another Shavian Quip

JUST TO FILL OUT the description of a luncheon with Bernard Shaw and Alexander Moissi given by Georg Popoff in our 'Persons and Personages' department, here is another Shavian pronouncement that has recently enlivened the London press. In the course of a speech entitled 'Anything That May Occur to Me' made before the Summer School of the Independent Labor Party, Mr. Shaw drew this ingenious parallel between early Christianity and modern Socialism. Imagining how he would have felt if he had been seventy-five years old in the year 330 A.D.—an old Christian just as he is now an old Socialist—he remarked:—

'As a member of a persecuted and ill-spoken-of sect, I should have lived to see the Roman Emperor become Christian—a thing that would have been wildly impossible when I was a young man. I should have said to myself, "The impossible has happened; here is Christ triumphant. Yet it does not seem to have made any particular difference." I should have seen little difference between Constantine and Diocletian, and much less between Jupiter and Christ than I had led the Romans to expect. I should conclude, like a later Frenchman, that the more things change the more it is the same old game.'

He then recalled the time when he was preaching Socialism at every street corner and explaining the advantages of having a Socialist Prime Minister and Chancellor of the Exchequer:—

'Well, we have a Socialist Prime Minister, and I feel myself in the position of the old Christian. I feel afraid of someone who listened to me in the old days coming to me and saying, "What difference has it made? How am I better off? How many of the wonderful things you said would happen have happened?" And I would be obliged to reply that they have n't happened. No doubt in 330 A.D. Constantine said to himself, "I have introduced Christianity, but the machine is driving me to

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do the same things as were done by Diocletian." I have no doubt that my feelings on this point are shared just as acutely by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.'

An American commentator cannot help feeling a parallel between the disillusionment of Mr. Shaw on the subject of Socialism and the disillusionment of American liberals on the subject of Woodrow Wilson. One wonders if England will now produce a flock of cynics and materialists similar to those that have been flourishing in the ranks of the younger American generation since the failure at Versailles.

French Ideas in America

THE *Société des Amitiés Françaises*, an organization devoted to the propagation of French letters and arts, has recently been holding an international congress at Liége. Among the speakers was M. Luc Durtain, a French writer well traveled in America, who gave a talk on the influence of the French language and French ideas in the United States. M. Durtain, who shares the proselyting fervor which so many Frenchmen feel in respect to the dissemination of their culture abroad, found both pleasing and discouraging factors in the situation. On the debit side is the attitude of French emigrants, who show a lamentable desire to become completely Americanized and forget the ways of their fathers:—

'Other countries have sent the United States millions of emigrants who remain mindful of their native lands. Yes, millions of Germans, Italians, Scandinavians have their clubs and newspapers over there and exert a powerful influence on the American press. What have we, compared to all this? The French speech has almost disappeared in Louisiana; the sons of to-day seem ashamed to use the language of their fathers. . . . But who are our present-day emissaries there? France has sent America few emigrants, and the message brought by *couturiers*, *coiffeurs*, *parfumeurs*, and chefs amounts to little, though the interest shown by Americans in "gay Paree" and its *de luxe* creations is a powerful aid to our ideas.'

The absence of a daily French press in America is in M. Durtain's eyes a particularly discouraging feature. Until recently New Orleans had a daily paper in French—as well as a French opera—but both have been abandoned due to lack of funds, while some of the weekly papers waste their energies quarreling over political differences.

However, native Americans seem to make up in their enthusiasm for France for what French emigrants lack. The War greatly increased the contacts between the two countries, and since then the study of French language and literature has enjoyed increasing popularity in American schools and colleges. M. Durtain was surprised to find, in the course of a lecture tour through the East and South, what large and excellent French departments American colleges have. The subject is taught with breadth yet attention to detail, and the numerous courses go back to mediæval French on the one hand and include the latest contemporary literature on the other. In fact, M. Durtain feels that in this latter respect American institutions can give a lesson 'to the routine teaching of our Sorbonnes, which are just beginning to realize that France has modern writers.' So well versed are Americans in recent French literature that visiting lecturers can no longer talk to them about the writers of the previous generation, for they will find that their audience has already read Claudel's latest poems and Colette's latest novel.

M. Durtain is frankly eager to see French culture permeate the United States, but there is nothing chauvinistic about his views. He is open-minded enough to believe that American ideas may be of value to France, too, and he conceives such a mutual exchange as forming part of the ties which should bind together the Old World and the New:—

'Doubtless American endeavor, far ad-

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vanced along the line of standardization and uniformity, will be able to achieve certain progress of a technical order, and will even be able to find liberty and happiness through such standardization. Nevertheless, the diversity, the irrepressible individualism, and the sense of beauty and finish which distinguish the French spirit should refresh the American attitude and point out the truly human and complete goal of the future. And to make the American spirit self-conscious would be no mediocre service. . . . Anything which tends to establish bonds between nations is valuable. In speaking of the tremendous distance which separates the United States from Europe I have often used the term, "bifurcation of the white race." Anything which can lessen this divorce, by bringing Europe true knowledge of America or carrying European ideas to the United States, in place of the immigration which the law has now stopped, is to the interest of humanity.'

A German Looks at France

ERNST ROBERT CURTIUS, Professor of French at the University of Bonn and no relation to the German foreign minister, has written a treatise on French culture that is being hailed in Paris as a hopeful sign of Franco-German understanding. The professor is a Rhinelander full of reverence for the Latin tradition and suspicious of the Orientalism that has always carried weight in certain German circles. He has published books and essays on Barrès,—a great German-hater,—Proust, Gide, Claudel, Suarès, and Péguy, and in 1923 he wrote a five-hundred-page study of Balzac. His latest effort, entitled *France, An Introduction to French Culture*, is written ostensibly for Germans but it contains so many flattering notions that the press of Paris has commended it without restraint.

The differences between France and Germany Professor Curtius lists as follows: 'Germany changes her aspect quickly—France slowly. Germany wants everything to be new—France wants everything to remain. Germany forgets—France remembers. Germany feels herself growing—France perseveres. Germany is individualistic—France social. Germany loves magic—France reason. Germany adores the transcendental—France the precise. Germany revels in mythology—France in clarity. Germany wants to become—France wants to choose.'

According to a contributor to *Le Figaro*, Professor Curtius confesses that this planet was never a more delicious place to live on than when it was being instructed by the French.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

Educating American Opinion

In 1928 the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* celebrated its fiftieth anniversary by publishing a series of articles by distinguished men in various walks of life. Later their essays were assembled into a single volume entitled *The Drift of Civilization* which was brought out in both England and the United States. Gerald Heard, a staff critic on the *Week-end Review* of London, attempted to write a notice of the volume but soon found himself more engrossed with the significance of such a book than with its contents:—

It is obvious that such a book can have no value as a book. It is quite worthless as far as any conclusion might be drawn from it. But the fact of its getting together, that is significant. It is a very revealing document of several of the tremendous assumptions that lie in the American mind and indeed must lie in all minds which have grown through the democratic tradition. That tradition insists rightly on a free press, but that insistence has too often ended in the belief that a free press is all that a democracy requires. In such a society a paper that commands great sales is in much the same position as a candidate who has obtained a majority of votes. The paper and the candidate are 'the people's choice.' They both speak with the divine *vox populi*. And as of the paper so to some extent of the book. Any writer whose sales or salesmanship have made his name visible to the naked eye of the United States common reader must have a 'message.'

But not only must the writer have a message. It is also assumed, because the daily paper is the people's divine expression, that anyone's message can be perfectly rendered in headline language. This style is a studied reduction of meaning until only such phraseology is retained as can short-circuit into the subjective mind of a people hustling so fast that they have had to render their instruction automatic. 'Messages' are for action, not for reflection. The daily-paper fed do not want ideas but slogans. They want, not a thought, but a kick out of what they read. Naturally, therefore, they do not want to hear questions debated; they can't desire to sift opinions. They want to believe that everyone who matters—and that, of course, is everyone who has made a success—really means the same thing as his co-successes. The contrary opinion, the view that sees two sides to a question, the outlook that lacks pep and drive and go-getting, must be instinctively rejected as radical, cranky, un-American. Hence such books as this. They are the inevitable product of the conviction that you have only to superimpose the views of everyone who has 'made good' and you will get the 'drift of civilization.' Of course, these assumptions are grave mistakes. That salability is any criterion of sense even a plutocracy cannot in its heart believe. Even a superimposed photograph of twenty geniuses does not give one face of superhuman power, but only a foggy muddle. A scientific formula simplified simply does not work. It is the pathetic fallacy of democracy that makes it reason that, because so many military aristocracies were so little more intelligent than the masses they ruled, therefore all men are intellectually equal. The fallacy leads to the dangerous assumption that if knowledge cannot be conveyed so that I can immediately understand it, it is the scientist's power of expression and not my intellect that is to blame.

What public opinion in the United States is really seeking for is authority.

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It believes it is too busy to think and so it wants to be told. That is a possible attitude, no doubt, but the choice of the authority who thereafter shall choose for us, that we cannot delegate. When, therefore, a people decides that that shall be authority which has selling power, it is involved in a vicious circle. A medley of motives has made men admire, and so buy, the works of Einstein and Byrd, Gorki and Russell, Inge and Gibbs, and therefore only a medley of motives can result from trying to get messages out of them all. Before the United States can be sure that it has a civilization and that it is not merely a culture in decomposition, it must realize the absolute necessity of finding out what is the real criterion by which civilization may be recognized. And an initial step toward that discovery is to recognize that, without a common spirit and aim, a group, however distinguished, cannot make a culture but only a chaos. The future of western progress depends on whether America can make that discovery in time.

After the Crash

PIERRE DENOYER writes from New York to the Parisian readers of *Candide* a description of the United States six months after the Wall Street crash. Here are some of his impressions:—

Since a crash is chiefly a phenomenon of the imagination, a malady of civilized spirits, the foreigner can visit America and observe no traces of the disaster if he searches only for material signs. People say America has become poor but she is just as rich as before. The only thing that has diminished is the idea of her wealth. Six months after the Wall Street cyclone stock prices are lower than ever, and, according to calculations, billions of dollars must have been lost, evaporated, gone up in smoke. Yet I found New York still wearing its customary air of intense activity and accumulated wealth. Only the mentality of the Americans has altered. Take the unemployed, for instance. There has always been unemployment in this vast nation. It has been a mild but chronic evil. But the idea of unemployment that followed the collapse on the Exchange has resulted in underconsumption, a cancellation of orders. Hence the present economic crisis. Unemployment is undoubtedly greater than usual and no improvement seems likely to occur. Soup kitchens are more frequented than ever, but the real effect of the crash is not to be found in the number of portions served, it is in the spirit of the unemployed themselves.

Formerly, the man who was out of work knew that if he was willing to perform more humble duties he could always earn his bread. To-day, faced with more serious competition on every rung of the ladder, he grows discouraged and accepts charity.

Each individual is clinging to his job, a tenacity that is quite new in America. A serious defeat has been administered to the spirit of adventure that led the young American anywhere to any job, provided he kept moving, saw the world, and gained experience. He was always sure of finding work. To-day he has become small and wise in his office. The spirit of extravagance has also suffered. When dollars come easily one can indulge every fancy, but after a crash one must regulate one's life wisely. Every self-respecting American still goes to Europe, but the *de luxe* cabins are vacant. First-class passengers are going in one-class boats and second-class passengers have moved to tourist third. As in the German railways, a fourth class will soon have to be created.

One man in America has suffered more from the crash than anyone else. He is President Hoover. I do not know whether he lost money on the Stock Exchange, but he is ruined on the political market. On the pretext of economy he decided to sell the presidential yacht, the *Mayflower*, but this year millionaires are renting their

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yachts for nothing to anyone willing to pay the upkeep and the *Mayflower* has found no buyer.

They say that Mr. Coolidge is the only president to succeed in saving money while in the White House and he has also succeeded in capitalizing the crash. In the first place he has gained the prestige that President Hoover lost. His administration appears brilliant and happy by contrast and people are turning to 'Silent Cal' as to an oracle. The press, naturally, made him offers that he at once refused, but he did consent to contribute occasionally to magazines. No ex-president had ever written for the daily papers, but when the crash came the head of a syndicate turned it to account. He argued that America was in great difficulties and was anxious to receive enlightened advice from its only living ex-president. He offered two dollars a word and every day Mr. Coolidge writes two hundred comforting words for Americans who are troubled by lack of money or lack of a job.

One man at least has no complaints to make of the demon crash. Although responsible for all its evils, he has administered a benefit to the whole of America. He has slain the dangerous myth of continued, indefinite, and necessary prosperity. We Europeans were letting ourselves be frightened by the inexplicable phenomenon of American prosperity. We were beginning to lose faith in our own soil, to believe only in young America, whose infinite wealth was going to sweep the world.

The Americans are the first to have awakened from this dream. They know that an era of retrenchment has come, a period of pause in their monstrous progress, and profiting from the present calm to gather their forces, they are more than ever eager to turn their minds to our ancient civilization, asking themselves whether the philosophy of our countries where progress is slower may not be able to bring to them for some time to come a little comfort and contentment.

Lindbergh and Amy Johnson

AMY JOHNSON'S solitary flight to Australia came in for as much attention in the British papers as Lindbergh received in the American press when he flew to Paris. A note of irritation, however, crept into some of the dispatches because the rest of the world refused to take the exploit seriously. A British resident of Boston wrote a letter to the *National Review* asserting that American journalism systematically ignores any heroic feats performed by the English and complained that Miss Johnson only held the front pages for a single day. But there is a reason for this attitude and the editor of the *Week-end Review* has shown himself a far better sportsman than his exiled compatriot by frankly stating his disappointment in Miss Johnson and expressing his admiration for the American press. In recording this piece of magnanimity we cannot but express the wish that more Americans might take this excellent example of sportsmanship as a model:—

Miss Amy Johnson's return from Australia has been the signal for further frenzied outbursts of enthusiasm in the Rothermere press, which exhibits her with a partly comic and partly repellent air of possession. We need not repeat what we have already said about the propriety of buying up for a single concern a feat which belongs to the nation, but at this stage a parallel may be borne in mind. Lindbergh, like Miss Johnson, undertook an adventurous solo flight without seeking publicity for himself. Her remark that the public must be as sick of her photograph and name in the newspapers as she was herself shows an identical point of view. Lindbergh was supported from the outset of his venture by a great American newspaper; when he landed miraculously at Le

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Bourget the correspondent of that newspaper recognized the feat as too large to belong to one firm and at once waived his exclusive rights. Miss Johnson, who was not given newspaper support until she had beaten the record, has been exploited in precisely the manner that the American newspaper refused to exploit Lindbergh. The contrast between the British and American press is evidently not quite what it is often taken to be.

Broadway through French Eyes

MLLE. PARISYS, one of the most popular musical-comedy actresses in Paris, has just returned from a three weeks' visit to New York, where she inspected the modern American drama. She makes no mention of having visited *Green Pastures*, *Journey's End*, or *The Last Mile* but dwells chiefly on *Fifty Million Frenchmen*, *Flying High*, *Sons of Guns*, and the *Earl Carroll Vanities*. Her impressions are not entirely favorable but since they come from an esteemed representative of an older culture and one that frequently proclaims its superiority to our own, we feel in duty bound to pass them on to our readers:—

I have seen a musical comedy entitled *Fifty Million Frenchmen* which is delighting all Americans. In this work all the weaknesses with which the Americans invest the French are passed in review. The French are accused of thinking only of eating, of being late to engagements, of not knowing how to do business, and each of these criticisms arouses terrific laughter. Furthermore, in all the musical comedies I saw there may have been a profusion of artists and dazzling costumes, but I was constantly astonished by the mediocre scenery and harmony of color seems to be something that the American producer knows nothing about.

Night life is highly developed in New York. On Broadway everything remains open by night as well as by day, not only the restaurants and cabarets but even the shops. One can buy a dress or anything else at two in the morning.

One evening I consented to sing a number of my songs in a cabaret and the head of the establishment offered me the royal gift of a bottle of champagne to drink at home. I assure you I was greatly embarrassed and slid the champagne bottle under my coat. When I went out on the street I found I was so near my hotel that I resolved to negotiate on foot the few paces that separated me from my home, but suddenly a cataclysm occurred: I forgot the champagne bottle and let it fall on the pavement. It broke with a terrible crash. Two policemen rushed to the scene but I ran even faster than they did. I had visions of myself locked in a black cell unable to return to France and did not begin to breathe again until I found myself in my hotel elevator.

It seems that the total wisdom gained by Mlle. Parisys on her American tour is never to accept bottles of champagne from strangers.

Snubbing the Soviet

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *Neues Wiener Tagblatt*, conservative Vienna daily, comments briefly on the difficulties that have lately arisen between Russia and the United States:—

So this is the end of the Kremlin's year-in, year-out courtship of America. For a long time now the Soviet Government, supported chiefly by Senator Borah, who has been a mere voice in the wilderness, has kept asking the White House for recognition. Mr. Scheinman, former director of the State Bank, was sent across the Atlantic and later the present representative of the Russian Trade Commission in London, Mr. Brown, but all that hap-

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pened was the establishment of the Amtorg, the American-Russian trading organization. The White House remained determined to withhold recognition.

Lovelorn Moscow then became convinced that Europe could not afford or did not want to grant credits, although fruitless financial dealings have been pursued with France, the only European country with spare capital. In short, the yearning eyes of Russia kept looking toward golden America. Furthermore, when the Five-Year Plan went into effect, Soviet Russia took as her ideal and model the mechanical contrivances of the Americans. This obsession with technique also led the Soviets to look upon Henry Ford as a mighty and influential friend, but still the White House refused recognition and today economic disputes have broken out between Moscow and the United States and a one-sided, unhappy, and not particularly honorable love has been disappointed.

There is something refreshingly wholesome about this logical, consistent attitude of America compared with the vacillating, contradictory policy of modern Europe toward Russia. For if recent events are dominated as we have seen by economic motives, we must not forget that the United States has refused to recognize the Kremlin for ten years and that this attitude is due to its hostility, on the strength of principle, to Communism. The White House takes the attitude that in recognizing Moscow it recognizes Communism, and, last but not least, moral considerations play a vital part in American public opinion.

To understand the whole position fully it must also be recognized that Americans in Soviet Russia demanded much more independence than any other foreigners. American technicians protested against the Russian food rations and in consequence received better treatment at the hands of the trade commissar. Furthermore, and this is most significant, the Russian censor allows the writings of such a man as Walter Duranty, Moscow correspondent of the *New York Times*, to pass unaltered in spite of their alarmist headlines, such as 'Our Business Men Protest against Russian Food Rationing.'

Of course the Russian people still go hungry and the Russian opposition press is quite right when it states that the preference being shown to American technicians and workers who cannot and will not abandon the standard of living to which they are accustomed is giving their Russian colleagues an object lesson, not in Socialism but in capitalism. Through the Americans living in Soviet Russia, news is spread across the sea describing the misery and slavery of the Russian people. What feelings these descriptions will awaken there and what steps they will lead to we are already beginning to see.

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COMING EVENTS

Austria

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 12, Festival Commemorating the Founding of the Republic.
KLOSTERNEUBURG. November 15, St. Leopold's Day, popular festival.

Belgium

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. November 26, Name Day of King Albert.
LIÉGE. November 3, St. Hubert's Day.

Bolivia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 12, Holiday of the Race.

Brazil

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 2, Memorial Day; *15*, Anniversary of Proclamation of Republic.

Bulgaria

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 3, Anniversary of Accession of Tsar Boris III; *November 1*, Rilski Day.

Canada

TORONTO. October 1, International Y. M. C. A. Officers' Convention.
QUEBEC. October 16–18, Dance and Folk-Song Festival.

China

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 10, Chinese Republic Day.

Czechoslovakia

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 28, Independence Day.

Denmark

COPENHAGEN. October 20, Old Folks' Day.

Dutch East Indies

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 18, Birthday of Confucius.

Ecuador

GUAYAQUIL. October 8–10, Anniversary of Independence of Guayaquil.

Egypt

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 9, Anniversary of Accession of H. M. King Fuad I.

England

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 5, Guy Fawkes' Day; *December 26*, Boxing Day.
LEICESTER. October 10–11, Competitive Music Festival.
LONDON. November 9, Day of the Lord Mayor's Show.
NOTTINGHAM. October 2–4, Goose Fair.

France

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Straw Day.
AVIGNON. November 30, Festival of the Separation of the Waters.
LYON. November 9, Horticultural Exposition.
PARIS. October 2–12, Automobile Show; *5*, Races at Longchamps; *19*, Races at Longchamps; *November 1*, opening of the Autumn Salon; *21*, St. Catherine's Girls' Procession.
SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER. October 21, Pilgrimage and Fête.

Germany

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. December 26, Der Grosse Pferdetag.
BERLIN. October 1, Centennial Celebration of the State Museums.

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GREECE

ATHENS. October 1, Great Panhellenic Exhibition; *10*, International Byzantine Congress.

HUNGARY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 6, Memorial Day.

INDIA

BENGAL. October 3–4, Durga and *Lakshmi Puja; 21–22, Kali Puja; 30, Jagadhatri Puja.*
BOMBAY. October 2, Dassera; 20–22, Divali.
CALCUTTA. October 3–4, Durga and *Lakshmi Puja; 21, Kali Puja; 30, Jagadhatri Puja.*
RANGOON. October 6, end of Buddhist Lent; *21, Divali; November 3, Tazaungdaing.*

ITALY

ASSISI. October 4, Feast of St. Francis, with procession of relics of the saint.
MANTUA. October 15, Virgil Commemoration.
VENICE. November 21, Feast of the Madonna della Salute.

JAPAN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 17, Harvest Thanksgiving; *November 3*, Meihi Setsu; *23*, Second Harvest Festival.
KOREA. October 1, Memorial Day of the Commencement of Japanese Administration in Korea.

LATVIA

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 31, Reformation Day; *November 18*, Foundation Day.

NORWAY

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 31, Thanksgiving Day.

PALESTINE

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 7, 14, Feast of Tabernacles.

PORTUGAL

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 5, Establishment of the Portuguese Republic; *December 1*, Independence Flag Day.

SIAM

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. October 23, King Chulalongkorn Memorial Day; *November 8*, Birthday of H. M. the King of Siam.

SPAIN

NATIONAL CELEBRATION. October 24, Queen's Birthday Celebrations.
ALICANTE. December 4, Fête of St. Barbara.
AVILA. October 5, Fêtes.
BARCELONA. December 31, Fête of San Lucia.
CÓRDOBA. October 24, Fête of San Rafael.
GRANADA. October 12, Fête of the Race.
LAGARTERA. October 5, Fête.
MADRID. October 2, Autumn Horse Races begin.
POMPLONA. December 3, Fêtes in honor of St. Francis Xavier.
TOLEDO. October 5, Fête.
ZARAGOZA. October 11–21, Fête in honor of the Virgin del Pilar.

SWEDEN

NATIONAL CELEBRATIONS. November 6, Gustavus Adolphus Day; *December 10*, Nobel Day, distribution of Nobel prizes.
STOCKHOLM. October 13, Blind People's Day.

SWITZERLAND

MONTREUX. October 25, Flower Exhibition.
NEUCHÂTEL. October 5, Vintage Fête with Pageant.

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CORRESPONDENCE

A BALTIMORE correspondent who is a regular reader tells us why he is not a subscriber, preferring to purchase each number of THE LIVING AGE at a certain magazine stand presided over by a dignified and charming old gentleman.

1202 LONGWOOD STREET
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

TO THE EDITOR:—

I am seldom prompted to write to Editors, and to write to the Editor of THE LIVING AGE leaves me morally cold. There is a reason for this: I am not a subscriber. And there is, again, a reason for that.

For years I have been a constant reader of THE LIVING AGE, as a purchaser from a magazine stand. In a certain building across from where I labor, there is a most pleasant and philosophic old gentleman, who, as he sees me approach, reaches back, selects a magazine from among the many, and hands it to me. Need I say it is THE LIVING AGE? This has gone on for years, except during the period when you featured pictures and travel news.

During that time, when I'd pass my friend, on the days of issue, a settled gloom was on his face. Not because I had ceased to purchase THE LIVING AGE, but because the old conversations were gone. Nothing pleased him more than to point out to me some outstanding article that he had read before the magazine reached me. This, of course, would lead from one thing to another and we would talk and talk, while customers were being waited on by his clerk, or were just waiting.

I shall never forget the day he said to me: 'I have something wonderful to show you in THE LIVING AGE.' 'What is it?' 'I cannot tell you. It just cannot be communicated, but on your way home read the article beginning on page 142. Let me know to-morrow what you think of it.'

(I have that article before me as I write. It is in the issue of Saturday, April 18, 1925, when THE LIVING AGE was still a weekly. It begins: '"O solitude, solitude, my home!" This melancholy refrain breaks the silence of a glacier world. Zarathustra composes his evensong, his song before his last night, his song before his eternal home-going.' Those of us who have sympathetically studied the genius who inspired this beautiful poem of Zweig's must of necessity be profoundly moved by this 'Nietzsche's Evensong.' I should love to see it published again, and in THE LIVING AGE.)

You can well see what a delight it was when one day this friend called me to say that THE LIVING AGE was to be reborn. Not only have I again become a purchaser, but I have taken much pleasure in the serious dignity of its contents. Nevertheless, I, too, have a few suggestions, perhaps of little worth, which may add to the attractiveness of the new monthly, and which would, beyond all doubt, make it more enjoyable to me:—

I should like to see THE LIVING AGE printed in two columns with the same type as is now used. I do believe this would render reading much easier on the eyes. Then, for the only other possible suggestion, I should like to have it contain in each issue an article (or articles) of a more philosophic character on current thought other than merely in the field of economics: articles on social philosophy, both radical and conservative, on political philosophy, on metaphysics, or what happens to merit attention, not just a restating of dogmas but critical speculation.

I am sure my old friend and I would appreciate this. In fact he has told me so. No, I will not become a subscriber, not under any condition. I value too much that moment when he gives me my copy, though I should like just once to direct his attention to some absorbing article in THE LIVING AGE. He always is ahead of me.

Yours very truly,
ELMER G. SEBASTIAN

Incidentally, in deciding upon the present format and printed page, we seem to have anticipated Mr. Sebastian's suggestions. We value also the good will of his agreeable and philosophic friend. Some day, should we find ourself in the vicinity of 1202 Longwood Street, we shall visit the magazine stand across the way and purchase incognito a copy of THE LIVING

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AGE, first asking if there is anything interesting or worthwhile in that particular number of the periodical.

W. Y. Boyd, an American attorney of prominence living in the Panama Canal Zone, heartily approves of THE LIVING AGE, making the excellent suggestion that more space be devoted to Latin-American affairs:—

ANCON, CANAL ZONE

TO THE EDITOR:—

As long as you avoid propaganda, as has thus far been the case, I am sure of the ultimate success of the undertaking. The ignorance of our people in the United States on world topics seems to be equaled only by their indifference to what transpires outside our continental limits. In the Canal Zone, through which much of the vast passenger traffic between North and South America flows, we have many evidences of this among American tourists.

For my own part, being a strong advocate of a better understanding between the United States and Latin America, I should like to see more articles in THE LIVING AGE translated from some of the important centres of Latin-American thought and influence. Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo in Brazil; Montevideo; Buenos Aires; Santiago, Valparaiso, and other Chilean cities; Lima; Quito; Bogota, Medellin, and Cali in Colombia. The capitals of Central American countries. In all these cities appear frequent criticisms or words of praise of the United States, and after all is not a closer intimacy with Latin America more desirable than, say, with the Balkan States?

I heartily approve THE LIVING AGE and while I make it a point to read periodicals published in many countries, I know of no other magazine which gives its readers a more comprehensive outline of important world subjects.

Faithfully yours,
W. Y. BOYD

It is gratifying that W. D. MacClintock, Emeritus Professor of English at the University of Chicago, is now fully persuaded we are 'on the right track,' in spite of a lingering yearning for the weekly magazine which was abandoned several years ago because so many of our subscribers expressed a preference for increased volume and variety in each number of the magazine:—

LAKESIDE, MICHIGAN

TO THE EDITOR:—

I was long a subscriber to the old LITTELL'S LIVING AGE and loved it. When you turned to this new form I grew cold, it seemed you had followed all the smartened-up journals. My memory is that I quit paying. But I have now the July numbers and feel repentant. So when I saw in these two numbers there was a chance of your returning somewhat to your old fine ways of abstracting foreign articles rather than buying those complete new things I concluded to subscribe again. I plump for the new policy—only ask for the old weekly issue, smaller type, thinner paper, *some* quick-written 'news.' Here's my check for a year.

Yours truly,
W. D. MACCLINTOCK

From the Honorable Wallace R. Farrington, former Governor of the Territory of Hawaii, comes this letter commending our present policy of presenting the other fellow's point of view.

HONOLULU, HAWAII

TO THE EDITOR:—

I think you are on the right track though the recognition of it may move at low-gear speed.

Half the rumpus that is kicked up in the world is due to inability to understand the other fellow's point of view—that it may really look and be different from where he stands. And there is every reason why a lot of foolish differences can be put where they belong—in the garbage can—if we can get more people to reach their conclusions from facts instead of from pictures drawn by their own or some other fellow's imagination.

WALLACE R. FARRINGTON

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THE GUIDE POST

(*Continued*)

the industrialists and the Socialists, but neither group is likely to press a belligerent foreign policy. Germany's chief dangers are therefore at home, not abroad.

MODERN England is not a country of unmitigated gloom in spite of the commotion that her calamity howlers have been raising. Harold Nicolson contributes a cheerful picture of British customs and morals, written for the particular benefit of foreign visitors. Incidentally, Mr. Nicolson has recently added to the reputation he made for himself as the author of *Some People* by producing an admirable biography of his father, Sir Arthur Nicolson, entitled *Portrait of a Diplomatist.* To show, however, that all is not so entirely gay in Britain as Mr. Nicolson might lead us to believe, we also print a strikingly sincere lament for the generation of rising young Englishmen who fell in the War and whose absence is now making itself painfully felt. Major Nathan does not, perhaps, take sufficient account of the fact that the youth of France, Germany, Italy, and Russia were also destroyed, but he does bring out the futility of war.

THREE unpublished 'Imaginary Conversations' by Walter Savage Landor offer what is known as a literary treat on which it is idle to expatiate here. Sufficient to say that the material, which is genuine beyond a doubt, is fortified by copious notes and presented just as it appeared in manuscript form.

HEINRICH HAUSER'S description of his sail around Cape Horn in a square-rigged ship is a rare document of adventure. He took passage on a vessel that maintains a regular schedule between Germany and Chile and his attempt to escape from the modern world not only brought him excitement, but the diary that he kept *en route* should establish still more securely his position as a man of letters. We have translated only the most thrilling passages connected with one episode in his voyage—the diary as a whole runs to book length.

SPORT fever reaches its highest point during September and October, what with tennis, polo, yachting, baseball, and football news brimming over on to the front pages of all our papers. We are therefore offering a healthy corrective to this enthusiasm in the form of a neat little essay from a regular contributor to *Le Temps* who complains that the old Greek idea of athletic games has been warped out of all recognition.

BAEDEKER proves that all Germans are born tourists—not that all Germans are born Baedekers. Our two travel sketches on Spain and Portugal give, for instance, just the kind of information that one doesn't find in the guide books and that one really needs to know. Paul Cohen-Portheim shows us the lighter side of Spanish life and supports, incidentally, the opinion of most expert observers that King Alfonso is firmly entrenched and that no upheaval is likely. Annemarie Jauss adds a feminine touch to our virile list of contributors and shows that women have as sharp an eye as men for the essential features of foreign lands.

JEAN COCTEAU has established something of a following in the United States as a clever modernist novel writer, and his latest book, *Les Enfants Terribles*, is having a good sale over here. But he has also been experimenting with opium smoking and recounts his adventures with the poppy in a thoroughly unmoral essay. Although he does not mention the fact here, he was converted only a few years ago to the Roman Catholic faith.

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WAR AND PEACE

No responsible German statesman would dream of involving the German people in a foreign adventure of any sort, and so long as Dr. Julius Curtius, the Foreign Minister, and I, by virtue of the Constitution, are solely responsible for the conduct of our foreign policies, I feel that our authority is sufficient to guarantee that no such adventures will be indulged in.—*Dr. Heinrich Brüning, German Chancellor.*

When nations have solemnly bound themselves by treaty, covenant, and pact for the pacific settlement of international disputes, the conference holds that the Christian Church of every nation should refuse to countenance any war in regard to which the government of its own country has not declared its willingness to submit the matter in dispute to arbitration or conciliation.—*A Resolution passed by the Lambeth Conference of the Church of England and of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States.*

Certainly it is reasonable to suppose that the testing time for Europe has yet to come. It has still to be seen whether the pacific policy of Germany was merely strategic—was an instrument by which the evacuation might be hastened. Were this so, Germany would not be the only country to have used the catchwords of peace and fraternity and international federation for national purposes. There seems to be a strange notion that the only weapon of diplomacy is war or the menace of war. In point of fact, it is a weapon rarely used by skillful diplomatists, and generally its use is a proof of their mediocrity and a confession of their failure. Peace and the promise of peace is a much finer instrument of diplomacy, and since the War it has been used and even abused by the statesmen of many countries.—*Sisley Huddleston, Paris correspondent of the 'New Statesman,' London weekly.*

We are a frightfully painful eyesore for the capitalists, and the Soviet Union's destruction would be the best way out of their desperate position, because it would shake the very foundations of the revolutionary movements now developing in the capitalist states and their colonies. It is quite clear that the war between the Soviet Union and the capitalist world is going to be a war to the death. We shall not start it, but we solemnly state here and now that we are ready for war, and, although we are most peaceful, we are going to defend our class position to the last drop of our blood, and our forces are quite adequate to counterattack victoriously all who touch our independence.—*Comrade Rudzutak, one of the three chief directors of the Political Bureau in Moscow.*

After all, we must recognize that as far as we can see at present the nations of Europe are still those which are most likely to cause serious international hostilities. Who can doubt that if we had a continent of Europe as peaceful as, say, the continent of North America, we should have advanced a very long way toward the pacification of the world? —*Lord Robert Cecil.*

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